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# THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. ESTABLISHED 1846

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Vol. XXXIV.—No. 100.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1879.

Price Ten Cents.



A RURAL PILGRIM'S PROGRESS IN THE SEASIDE VANITY FAIR—DRAGON JAMES POTTER, OF BERKSHIRE COUNTY, MASSACHUSETTS, A LOCAL MAGNATE AND CHURCH-PILLAR, ON A SUMMER PLEASURE TOUR, CONCLUDES TO TAKE IN THE MUCH-TRUMPETED RESORT OF THE CARNAL-MINDED, AT CONEY ISLAND, WHERE HE FALLS AMONG THE UNGODLY, IS PERSUADED TO UNSEEMLY INDULGENCE IN THE BEVERAGES OF THE RIOTOUS AND TO AN INITIATION INTO THE WAYS OF THE PROFLIGATE AND IS DESPITEFULLY TREATED BY A PARALYZING FEMALE PHILISTINE IN A SINFUL BATHING SUIT.—See Page 2.





**THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE**  
The Oldest Illustrated Weekly, Established 1846  
RICHARD K. FOX, Proprietor.  
Office: 2, 4 & 6 Reade Street, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
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#### To Artists and Photographers.

We solicit sketches of noteworthy occurrences from persons of artistic ability in all parts of the United States. We also invite photographers in every section of the Union to forward us photographs of interesting events and of individuals prominently concerned in them. The matter should be forwarded to us at the earliest possible moment after the occurrence, and, if acceptable, will be liberally paid for. Persons capable of producing such sketches, as well as photographers throughout the country, are respectfully requested to send name and address to this office. This will on no occasion be published, unless desired, but is simply held as a guarantee of good faith.

#### Answers to Correspondents.

Parties who cannot obtain the Gazette from any news-dealer, when asked for, will confer a favor on the publisher by notifying us of that fact, and forwarding name and address of dealer.

"HURRICANE DICK," Las Vegas, N. M.—Cannot make it out.

G. M., Farmville, La.—Noted the matter in the preceding issue.

S. W. & L., Baltimore, Md.—Much obliged for the effort in our behalf.

G. C. B., Cincinnati, O.—The paper referred to never came to hand.

F. B. T., Bridgeport, Conn.—Hope you will make a strong effort to get them.

G. E., Red Bluff, Cal.—Item noted; material sent is not sufficient for illustration, however.

O. D. O., Independence, Kan.—Item published, with sketch received from another source.

CORRESPONDENT, Cahoka, Mo.—Matter noted. Continue to post us on the case. Further by mail.

J. M., Benson, Vt.—Matters of no more than local interest. Try us again with something more startling.

CHIEF OWEN, Hopkinsville, Ky.—Account of occurrence previously published; thanks for the attention all the same.

H. C. C., Independence, Kan.—Sketch appears; thanks, shall be glad to have you send us similar material, whenever the occasion offers.

O. C. B., Camp Thomas, A. T.—Item will appear in our next; have illustrated a very similar subject this week, and cannot, therefore, repeat it so soon.

W. B. M., Paris, Ky.—Cannot tell until we know who the individual is, what the importance and general interest of the case and other particulars.

R. F. R., Charleston, S. C.—It will be concluded in the next issue of the GAZETTE, the same in which the first installment of our new story will be published.

GEORGE M., New York City.—Appearances are often deceptive, confidence is frequently misplaced and you did well to be on the safe side and take it in time.

S. A. F., Waterford, Miss.—Acknowledge the attention, but we published an account of the matter some time ago, it occurring three weeks since, at this writing.

J. F. M., Brickerville, Pa.—If you can obtain them with sketch of the finale we propose to publish an elaborate full-page illustration, giving a pictorial history of the whole affair.

R. D. F., Union City, Ind.—Will use in our next if not too old; do not regard the matter as of extraordinary interest; arrived too late for this. Such matters cannot be forwarded too promptly.

W. H., Harrisburg, Pa.—Account published in full. Can you not procure portraits of all the parties or any of them and sketch of scene of the tragedy? Will write you more particularly on this point.

J. B., Fairview, W. Va.—Article published in full elsewhere. Thanks. If possible, shall be glad to have portraits of any of the parties concerned: send also accounts of further proceedings in the case.

M. E. G., Blooming Grove, Pa.—Will be glad to have anything of general interest from you; accounts of adventures with animals do not come under that head, however, unless of very extraordinary character.

M. P. S., East St. Louis.—Occurrence noted; thanks, arrived too late, however, to illustrate it in this issue. Please remember that what we chiefly desire is portraits or material for illustrations; our exchanges supply us with earlier accounts of matters of note.

A. S. B., Lynchburg, Va.—It would be useless for you to send clippings from your paper relating to occurrences other than in your immediate vicinity for the reason that we should be certain to receive accounts from our exchanges or otherwise, much earlier. You can be of much more service to us by sending portraits of individuals connected with noteworthy happenings in your section, and sketches of the localities of such occurrences. We do not require or expect elaborate drawings, but simply plain outline drawings, denoting the relative position of prominent objects in the scene or the character of the country and merely the facial distinctions of the chief actors in such affairs. If you will do this, you will be of more service to us than you would be in years of correspondence or transmission of clippings.

#### THE SPRAGUE-CONKLING AFFAIR.

Not since the Beecher-Tilton trial of mal-odorous immortality has there been precipitated upon the community such a great social sensation as that growing out of the alleged encounter between ex-Governor Sprague and Senator Conkling, at Narragansett Pier, the other day. The difference between the two sensations is, however, a vital one. While in the former instance every one connected with the affair, though ever so remotely, seemed eager to rush before the public and ventilate all they knew and, in more than one case, a good deal more than they knew regarding it, in the latter all concerned are apparently anxious to keep from the public what is unquestionably none of the public's business, even if there is really any more to be told than what appears upon the surface. While, therefore, scandal lovers may suffer a disappointment the community at large will be none the worse off, in any event, by the reticence of those who alone are really interested in the truth or falsity of the allegations so freely made.

The fact is there is altogether too much license assumed in this country in making public property of private affairs. Directly the tongue of rumor insinuates the existence of perturbed domestic relations, or derogatory charges in the case of any one whose social position is sufficiently prominent to be of general interest, then does the public demand to know the whys and wherefores, and considers itself aggrieved if it is not given the fullest information thereon. Of course if the case is pushed to the length of appearing in the courts, through the action of any of the parties becoming a matter for judicial inquiry, it then becomes public property and the publication of whatever is of sufficient interest pertaining to it is strictly within the province of journalism. Until that does happen, the matter, as we have already remarked, is none of the public's business. Such is the view taken in other countries, and the infrequency of the publication of similar scandals in contrast with the practice that obtains with us, though no well-informed person can consistently believe that there exists any fewer occasions of that sort, is persistently held up to our reproach by detractors of America with whom prejudice fills the place of information, as an indication of a more prevalent social corruption.

As to the merits of the occurrence which has furnished the text for our remarks there is little room for comment at present, simply because we are confronted by two diametrically opposite accounts which are, apparently, equally well authenticated, and those who are most intimately concerned unanimously refuse to give us the entire facts of the matter. We have presented both stories fairly and impartially, with all that appeared worthy of publishing in support of each, and our readers having, in the language of the old showman "paid their money" are at liberty to "take their choice" from what is exhibited to them, whether to believe the affair to have been the result simply of eccentricity of temper on the part of Governor Sprague, resulting from a whimsical prejudice, unfounded on any reasonable basis, against the German tutor of his son, or the inevitable outburst of a long-smouldering scandal, the existence of which has been broadly hinted at for months by newspaper correspondents, and, according to all accounts, has been a choice bit of tattle for the gossips of Washington society for a much longer period.

As for the German professor, who at first appeared as the firebrand who had occasioned this great volume of smoke, if not fire, his part in the matter was stupid and injudicious to say the least, according to his own showing, by which he exhibits himself as having opposed the very strongly expressed wishes of a father in so vital a matter as the education of his son, and to have become a party to a sort of conspiracy to force that opposition after being forbidden by the father to make any further attempt at exercising such office over the son. He must, indeed, be a fool himself or have imagined Governor Sprague to be one if he could suppose the governor would calmly submit to such thwarting of his wishes in regard to his offspring, by a hireling and a stranger, or would complacently view the presence of such stranger in his own house after being forbidden, knowing him to be there for the sole and avowed purpose of carrying out that opposition. No, whatever opinion may be entertained, in view of fuller facts than have yet been made public, regarding Governor Sprague's action or motives in this unhappy affair, no one, we think, can justly say that he would not have been perfectly justified, under the circumstances, in kicking the German professor off his premises, and in promising to introduce the shot gun as the following argument if it should be required to secure his continued absence. Nor do we believe that any man of any pretensions to manly spirit will question his right to forbid even Senator Roscoe Conkling his house, for reasons that appeared good and sufficient to him, and to enforce this prohibition against his presence therein by such means as the exigencies of the situation might demand.

#### A Rural Pilgrim's Progress.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At home, among the Berkshire hills of Massachusetts, Deacon James Potter is a man of no little note. Certainly he stands well in his own estimation and, until recently, he has probably entertained but little doubt that he was rated at an exceptionally high figure in that of the Omnipotent Ruler. Possessed of a competence that, in his vicinity, placed him in the ranks of the affluent, a church member of the most ultra-puritanical stripe, a deacon and pillar of that church in fact, the frequent incumbent of local political office, the possession of which indicated the confidence of his fellow-citizens and his social importance, regarded on all sides as the model of a pious and thrifty New England farmer and an oracle on all occasions, it is not surprising that Deacon Potter was a beautiful specimen, in his humble way, of an arrogant, intolerant and self-conceited Pharisee.

Such, we observed, was his status until recently. It is possible that his own personal estimate of himself has temporarily depreciated since his visit, a few days ago, to what he regards as the modern Sodom and Gomorrah.

About a fortnight since Deacon Potter, having gathered in his hay and harvested his wheat, be-thought himself that he would take a little recreation after the extra agricultural toil incident to the harvest season, taking advantage of the interim of slack work prior to corn cutting and seed time. He therefore gathered unto his wallet what he deemed a sufficient number of shakels to see the thing through and started for Newport. Here, however, he found the prices altogether too shocking to his frugal ideas, and shook its dust from his feet after a twenty-four hour's sojourn. His thoughts next inclined toward the metropolis, and he determined to pay it the first visit of his life. Arriving while one of the periodical "torrid waves" was in full blast, he speedily found night-seeing under a blazing sun, hemmed in on all sides by heat-radiating walls, to be as little of recreation as swinging the cradle or plying the toilsome fork in the harvest field.

Hearing so much of Coney Island, its cool comfort and refrigerant delights, he resolved to visit that resort of the carnal-minded and see for himself what manner of wickedness it might present and what wiles for those less securely entrenched in righteousness than himself. There he found himself, in due time, too much bewildered by the ever-changing panorama that for the instant dazzled his unaccustomed eyes to make up an opinion. On his recovery, he found the situation, while presenting a wide field for condemnation, in other respects commanding his approbation in spite of himself.

He at last ventured to address an inquiry to a mild-appearing young man standing near him, and was gradually drawn out to such a degree that he finally accepted an invitation from his newly-made friend to "try a little nice, cool lemonade." Our story is necessarily brief, and we can, therefore, cut it short by omitting the oft-repeated details of the same old narrative.

Of course the mild-mannered young man "played it" on our rural pilgrim. Of course he managed, with the aid of the bar-keeper, to have a large-sized "stick," a veritable club, in fact, inserted in the nice, cool lemonade, but so deftly that the deacon's unaccustomed palate passed it unheatingly. Of course, too, the result was such a thawing out of the deacon's frozen humanity that his descent to whisky-straight was swift. Thenceforward he entered into the spirit of the scene with as much abandon as the most thoroughly lost and gone sinner of the Vanity Fair to which he had bent his unfortunate steps.

In less than two hours after his arrival, Deacon James Potter, of Berkshire county, Massachusetts, was, we are pained to say it, unmistakably, riotously, drunk. In company with two or three other young sons of Bellal, for such they undoubtedly were, despite their fair words, their smooth demeanor and their representations of being devout class-leaders and shining lights of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's and Reverend Somebody Else's congregations, he strolled along the beach into the drinking bars, clumsily imitated the example set him in the "mashing" line by his new friends, and otherwise conducted himself in a boisterous and unseemly manner like the most confirmed sinner and publican of the sinful crowd around him. At last the party found themselves in close proximity to a bevy of fair bathers, who happened to be variety actresses, but who, though by no means backward in speech or action, were not at all pleased with the awkward gallantries which our Berkshire deacon persisted in thrusting upon them. At last one of the group, a paralyzing female in a sinful bathing suit, to whom the deacon was determined to pay court, wheeled about and tipped her rural admirer a can-can kick with a sudden force that not only sent his cherished white beaver whirling towards the surf but caused him, unsteadily balanced as he was, to unceremoniously take a backward seat on the sand. The storm of "chaff" the scene evolved was too much even for the whisky-boistered complacency of our bucolic puritan, and it required several more drinks at an adjacent saloon to restore him to his former equanimity.

All this was fun enough for his companions but they were prudent young gentlemen who believe in combining business with pleasure, whenever it can be done. The business in this instance, it is scarcely necessary to say, was a pretty little game which excited Deacon Potter's inherent cupidity, by allowing him to win extravagantly at first and ended by making such a hole in his great, blackened, leather wallet, that it required all he could obtain on his huge, old-fashioned, silver watch, in a negotiation with a generous and affable Israelite, next day, to carry him back to the hills of Berkshire.

#### Favorites of the Footlights.

[With Portrait.]

We present in this issue portraits of Mlle. Besesti, a handsome and accomplished artiste in the line of opera bouffe and burlesque, and of Miss Nellie Carl-

ton, of the well-known and popular "Carlton Sisters," who, with her sister Lizzie, has appeared with invariable success on the stage of variety theatres in almost every city and town of consequence in the country. The sisters are professionally known as "duettists," appearing together in musical and humorous sketches and other variety business. They are handsome, shapely and fascinating girls and accomplished artists in their line, and exceedingly popular socially as well as professionally.

#### Captain Wm. Turtle, The Chicago Detective.

[With Portrait.]

Captain Wm. Turtle, founder and manager of the famous Turtle's Detective Agency, of Chicago, whose portrait is given elsewhere, was born in Cambridge, England, and is fifty years of age, for the past twenty-eight of which he has resided in Chicago. In 1860 he was appointed Captain of Police, and in 1864 was made Chief of the force, which position he resigned in 1866, to organize the Turtle Detective Agency and Merchant's Police. Before starting this organization, he accomplished a piece of detective work, which gave him wide-spread celebrity. In 1865 The American Express Company, of Chicago, was robbed of \$41,000, the money being taken from the tail end of one of their delivery wagons. No clue to the robbers being known. Eighteen hours after the robbery Turtle not only had captured the robbers, two in number, but recovered all the money. The thieves were the notorious highwaymen, Thomas Morrey and Wm. Prout. The American Express Company presented Captain Turtle with \$5,000 for the extraordinary efficiency he displayed in the matter. Morrey received seven years and Prout five years in Joliet prison.

Another notable case in which he conspicuously figured was the Ableitner murder. On the night of the 15th day of August, 1868, a man named Ableitner was called from his house, four miles from St. Charles, Minn., by three men who asked him the road to St. Charles. As soon as he stepped from the house he was clubbed to death. The men then attempted to enter the house to ransack it, but Mrs. Ableitner, hearing the groans of her husband, picked up a pitchfork, kept the assassins at bay, and fought them so desperately that they fled. The next day after the murder a man living in St. Charles, by name Charles Whitman, offered his services to ferret out the murderer. When the excitement had somewhat subsided this Whitman suddenly left St. Charles, with his family, for parts unknown. Captain Turtle started for the scene of murder and finding that Whitman had left, discovered that Mrs. Whitman lived alone at Rochester, N. Y. There the captain went and intercepted letters from Whitman, thus learning that Whitman was hiding in the Pinerias in Michigan. Captain Turtle followed the trail and after a long search nabbed his man, run him on a hand cart to the first station, five miles distant, took him to Chicago and thence to St. Charles, Minn. Whitman finally confessed and implicated two others, named Joseph Staley and Gustavus Kincaid. Turtle captured Staley at Black River, Mich., but Kincaid escaped to Texas and was lost sight of.

Staley and Whitman were tried at St. Charles, and received the highest penalty, life-imprisonment at hard labor—capital punishment not being in vogue at that time in Minnesota. Captain Turtle did not receive the promised reward from the authorities for this service, the legislature putting it off from time. He also captured the notorious embezzler Knut Ohlman, who in 1872 swindled the Anchor Ocean Steamship Line, of this city, out of large sums of money. In this connection the following editorial remarks of a prominent Chicago daily concerning Captain Turtle and his agency may be not inaptly quoted.

He is a gentleman of great natural ability, and his long training, and familiarity with the innumerable devices and plans the criminal class are in the habit of practising, thoroughly fits him for the work he has in hand. While this agency transacts a general business, employing a large force of Merchants' police, its specialties is the protection of banks and institutions that have large sums of money in keeping. Of the many creditable things done in this department, the great outside world can have no conception. Even the omniscient press does not get at them. But it is enough for us to say that all who have valuable property or money to protect place the utmost reliance upon Capt. Turtle's Agency and his method of doing things. He never has less than twenty-five detectives at work and frequently two or three times that number. To the wholesome awe with which he is regarded by crackmen and the vicious classes in general, the citizens of Chicago and the Northwest owe immunity from many lawless proceedings.

#### Poisoning a Child out of Revenge.

READING, Pa., August 10.—The wife of David Bechtel, residing in Bechtelsville, this county, was attacked yesterday with bilious colic. Dr. Brunner was called and prepared some anodyne to relieve the woman of her suffering. After the patient had been eased of her pain one of the children, a little girl, was sent to add water to the medicine. She was on the way returning with the bottle when an aged lady, who is living with Mr. Bechtel, took the medicine from the child and poured it into the mouth of a three-year-old infant, after which it soon died in great agony. It cannot be understood why she administered the medicine, but the supposition is that she had a grudge against the child. An investigation will be made at once. The name of the woman is unknown at present.

#### Murdered in The Presence of Her Children.

FINCASTLE, Va., August 13.—James Stevens of Boteourt county, shot and instantly killed his wife on Sunday evening last. The children say that their parents were quarrelling, and while thus engaged Stevens seized a pistol, which his wife attempted to keep from him, and in the scuffle he shot, the ball penetrating her heart.



# PASTIMES OF A PASTOR.

A Booming Ministerial Scandal in the Arraignment of a Popular Chicago Preacher on the Charge

OF GROSS IMMORALITY.

Several Ladies of His Congregation Testify to His Persistent Libidinous Persecutions and Indecent Familiarities.

A CLEAR CASE OF CUSSINESS.

CHICAGO, Ill., August 9.—A little brown church, not "in the vale," but at the corner of Dearborn and Forty-seventh streets, is creating a sensation in its neighborhood. The pastor, the Rev. Carlos Swift, has been charged with non-ministerial, ungentlemanly, and lascivious conduct toward three female members of his flock, and the accusers are the women themselves. An investigation to determine the truth or falsity of the charges is now in progress.

Mr. Swift has been preaching for the Evangel Baptist Church—the one referred to above—for nearly two years. He preached "by the day" for a year or more, and finally became pastor by a regular engagement and ordination. This was some time in March last.

The reverend gentleman formerly ministered to the spiritual wants of a Baptist congregation at Aurora, and is said to have come to Chicago from Mount Vernon, Iowa. In this city he became connected with the American Baptist Publication Society, at 71 Randolph street. He attended to the duties of the office during the week and preached to the Evangel on Sunday. During his novitiate he lived in the city, but since he has become pastor as well as preacher he has moved into the neighborhood of his church. As long ago as in January there were rumors of naughtiness on Mr. Swift's part, but the stories were smothered with partial success, and no definite attention was paid to them by the church. They broke out again a few weeks ago, and a committee was appointed

TO MAKE A PARTIAL INVESTIGATION. They concluded that the matter was of sufficient importance to demand the attention of the whole church, and so reported. A meeting was held on Tuesday night, when formal charges were called for. This resulted in bringing the following document before the church on Wednesday night:

"CHICAGO, August 6, 1879.  
"TO THE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE EVANGEL BAPTIST CHURCH:—We, the undersigned, submit to your honorable body the following charges against one Carlos Swift, the pastor of the church:

"1. Mrs. Della E. Hogue states that on or about the close of the Exposition, 1878, she went into the back-store at 71 Randolph street, to purchase some books. Mr. Swift invited her to take a look over the building up-stairs and to the basement. She refused, stating she was very tired and was not feeling well. Then he insisted on her going to his house and lie down to rest. She also declined, saying she was in a hurry to get home. Starting to go he spoke of Miss Ara Preble and Miss Nettie Hays laughing at a lady going out with a crying baby. He said that, perhaps, they

WOULD HAVE BABIES OF THEIR OWN SOME DAY. Touching her shoulder he said if they did not it would be no fault of their own.

"At that she indignantly walked out of the store.  
"2. That at the second day of the Lakeside Association, at the First Baptist Church, at the afternoon session, he asked her to go home with him and wait until he got ready to come out to prayer-meeting. At the same time he took hold of her hand and pressed it, and gave her a singular look. She jerked her hand away, and said, 'No.' She did not go home that way.

"3. He came to her home one day. Directly after taking a seat he asked if the children were at school. On finding her alone, his actions were lewd during his stay. As she was passing his chair he reached out his hand, making the attempt to catch her dress; then as he went to leave he asked her for a kiss."

Miss P. A. Ramsey states that about one year ago Swift called on her, and on leaving

HE ASKED HER FOR A KISS. Mrs. Marietta Hern states that on or about the middle of January, Mr. Swift called at her house and engaged in conversation on ever-day topics. In a short time he moved his chair close to the side of hers and placed his hand on her leg. He immediately placed his arm about her waist, and laid his head on her shoulder. "No, you haven't any objections have you?" said he, and before she could reply, added, "Sister Hern, I have always rather admired you." She thrust him aside and he left the house. Three weeks afterward he followed her home from church, but left when he found her husband at home. At another time he came to a rear seat in the church where she was sitting, between the close of church service and Sunday-school, and said, "Can't I come and see you?"

"WHEN MR. HERN IS AWAY?" The charges were read at the Wednesday evening meeting, and Mr. Hogue, the husband of the lady mentioned, was examined. The meetings were continued on last night and Mrs. Hogue was questioned. Mrs. Hern was also placed on the stand and some of her testimony taken. To a Times reporter Mrs. Hern gave more detailed information. She gave it willingly, since she said she was anxious to have the whole truth known. She had hoped that the matter would never be made public, but since it had been, there was an evident desire to brand her and the other ladies as liars. Nobody was standing by them, and she believed that the rest of the church were bound to do anything that would clear Swift. But she knew his guilt and she would tell the truth. He never made but two visits to her home, she said, and those

were indicated in her formal charges. He did not seem to be lasciviously inclined until he moved his chair to her side. She was so surprised when he placed his hand on her leg that she could not resent the act until he had followed it with the additional insult of embracing her. She then got up and treated him so coldly that he soon went away. Her children were in the house at the time, but in another room.

SHE DID NOT TELL HER HUSBAND AT THE TIME. Three weeks later her pastor called again at the house. Her husband—a conductor on the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad—was at home and in bed. He heard the strange voice, and came into the room. He had from the first conceived a dislike for Mr. Swift, and as it had been but a few moments since she had come in from church, he said: "What did you follow my wife home from church for? I want you to understand that you must keep away from here." Swift left in a short time, and never called again. On the following Sunday the scene in the church occurred, when Mr. Swift asked if he might not come and see her during her husband's absence. She concluded that she could not stand such insults any longer, and vowed to tell her husband. As he is of violent temper she exacted from him previously, on her bended knees, a solemn promise that he would not harm the person who had insulted her. Notwithstanding his promise he swore he would kill Swift, but finally they concluded to inform some members of the church and let them take what action might seem proper. Mr. Hern went to Deacon Collins with an account of the affair, and she to Mrs. McMartin. Both urged that the thing be

RUSHED UP TO SAVE A CHURCH SCANDAL. Very soon it became known to her that Mrs. Hogue had been insulted and that their pastor had wanted to kiss Miss Ramsey, a young woman of about twenty-two years. Mrs. Hogue urged upon her husband to make the matter public, but he thought she must be entirely misjudging the minister; that he could not have meant any harm. But Hogue did mention the apparent improper conduct toward his wife to Deacon Collins and Mr. McMartin while they were at work together, and, as it happened, was overheard by a sister in the church. It was a Christian duty for her to know all about the scandal, so she visited Mrs. Hogue and got the story at first hand. The next step was to see Miss Ramsey, who, Mrs. Hogue said, had been the recipient of some attention from the minister. Miss Ramsey denied it. At the next prayer-meeting, the sister, who had started some investigation on her own account, felt called upon to state to the church that Mrs. Hogue was a liar, and gave her reasons for so believing. This brought the charges against the pastor before the whole body of members for the first time, and the committee was appointed to investigate. This is

HOW THE CAT GOT OUT OF THE BAG. There is some probability that Mr. Hern will yet do deeds of violence. He claims that Mr. Swift acknowledged to him that there would be no occasion for him to repeat his accusation. He (Hern) sent the following communication to the church on Wednesday night, but they refused to receive it:

"CHICAGO, Aug. 6, 1879.—TO THE MEMBERS OF THE EVANGEL BAPTIST CHURCH: As you will not allow me to be present, I would like the privilege to ask a few questions through the pen. As Mr. Carlos Swift is going to dispute my wife's charges, I understand, why did he not deny the charges to me when I went to the store and took him into the street to settle with him? He acknowledged the charges, and said he would not do it again. He turned to leave me. I told him to come back or he would wish he had. He said: 'Hush, don't talk so loud, for people will hear us.' I said I did not care if all Chicago heard me, for I would not allow any man to insult my wife without resenting it. He said he would never have an occasion to do it again. I told him he had better not, for I would put a bullet in him or any other man that would

DARE TO INSULT MY WIFE. If you try to make a liar of my wife I will make him confess the truth, for I will cowhide him in the street. W. F. HERN."

The meeting was presided over on last night by Mr. E. C. Preble, and Dr. M. A. Colman acted as secretary. Mr. Hogue appeared as prosecutor and examined the witnesses. Mr. Swift was his own attorney and did the cross-questioning.

Nothing different from what is stated above was brought out. The friends of the pastor claim that there is not a particle of truth in the charges, and that it will be shown that the whole thing is a scheme to injure him, and was originated by the women. They say that Miss Ramsey has been induced to join in the attack under protest, with a threat that if she yields, some secret of her past life will be divulged. This young woman was not at home yesterday, and so could not be interviewed. When closely questioned by the reporter, Mrs. Hogue seemed more impressed that the minister was possessed of amorous proclivities, by his looks rather than by his actions. She knew that he meant something when he

LOOKED AT HER IN THE WAY HE DID. Mr. Swift is tall and spare. He wears a short, light beard; has weak eyes and wears glasses. He talks slow and deliberately, and, in short, is best described as being exactly unlike the well-known Mr. Beecher of Brooklyn, both in appearance and actions, notwithstanding that Mrs. Hern, who seems to be awfully worked up over the affair, claims that "it is another Beecher scandal, but there ain't no Mrs. Tilton in it, mind you."

Dr. W. W. Goodall, who lives in the neighborhood, and who is interesting himself in the trial, although not a member of the Church told the reporter that he had known Mr. Swift for twenty years and he believed that his character was above reproach. He had never heard a word of suspicion breathed against him before, and when his accusers were taken into consideration he could not believe that their charges were true. He said that Mr. Hern was a very bad man and noted for his inability to tell the truth. His sobriquet among railroad men is "Buffalo Bill."

## HOTEL HIGH-JINKS.

Edifying Midnight Entertainment in a High-Toned Brooklyn Caravansary—An Irate Parent Discovers his Daughter and a False Cousin as Unsanctioned Sharers of the Same Apartment and, in Company With her Intended, gets up a Brilliant Circus on the Strength of it.

The Wall House in Williamsburg is the largest hotel in that city, and bears the reputation of being one of the most select and respectable institutions of the kind in this vicinity. A handsome, well-dressed young man, walked into the establishment Wednesday morning 6th inst., at one o'clock, and engaged a room for himself and wife. The gentleman registering as Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, gave incidentally an explanation for seeking lodgings at such an unreasonable hour and was assigned to room forty-three on the fourth floor. The lady remained in the ladies' entrance while her escort was in the office. Both were shown to their room by the clerk. Half an hour later a young man, stylishly dressed, stepped into the office and looked over the book, or rather at the last names registered. He then walked out without saying a word, to the surprise of the clerk, who thought he was going to engage a room. Possibly over another half hour had elapsed—or at about twenty minutes past two A. M., when a vigorous, well preserved old gentleman and the young man who looked over the book

HURRIED INTO THE HOTEL OFFICE. The old man was nervous and excited. He asked to be shown to the room where his daughter and her companion were, and when the clerk replied that no such person stopped there, the old gentleman grew wrathful, but the young man explained to the clerk that Mr. and Mrs. Ellis were simply the old gentleman's unmarried daughter and a friend. The clerk stated that Mr. Ellis hired a room with the satisfactory explanation that his house was closed on account of the lateness of the hour, and he desired to stop at the hotel overnight. He did not see the lady, as she stood in the ladies' entrance, and he only caught a slight glimpse of her while showing the pair to room forty-three. He requested his excited visitors to remain in the office while he acquainted the proprietor of the situation. As soon as the clerk had disappeared on his errand, the two men darted up-stairs, and were standing in front of room forty-three, on the third floor, in less than a minute.

What followed is graphically described by a gentleman who occupied a room near forty-three: "The night being very warm, I could not sleep, so I sat up reading. At about half past two A. M., I heard a man near my door, in a voice of suppressed rage, tell another, whom he addressed as Frank, that

HE WOULD BURN IN THE DOOR. Frank whispered that it would be better for him not to make too much noise, but to take his daughter home quietly as soon as he got her out of the room. The first man knocked at the door and called on his daughter, whom he addressed as Emma, to open it immediately. There was no response. He was in a passion and exclaimed aloud that he would burst the door in if it was not open. I then put on my pants and thrust my head outside the door to see what was up. There stood the two men, the eldest of whom pounded on the door, and inside two minutes all the guests on the floor, male and female, had their heads outside their rooms, looking on wonderingly as to what all the commotion could mean. The proprietor of the hotel at this juncture made his appearance and told the old man that his house was a respectable one, and that he would permit no one to annoy his guests in that way. If his daughter was in the room she should instantly leave, but he would prevent, as far as possible, all efforts at violence. As the old gentleman saw that it would be hazardous for him to attempt to break in the door, he rushed down-stairs for a policeman. The man called Frank tried to prevent him, but to no purpose. As soon as he had gone down-stairs the door of forty-three was opened and out rushed a fine looking girl, with

ONLY A SHORT, LOW-NECKED GARMENT ON. It was laughable to see how some of the married guests peeked at her as she passed their doors, in spite of the remonstrances of their better halves that it was better to close their doors to avoid trouble. But remonstrances were idle, for the Benedicts rushed out in the corridor after the frightened girl, and their wives followed as a matter of course. The scene was ludicrous in the extreme. At least half a dozen doors stood hospitably open for her to make her toilet. She rushed into one and locked the door. Her dress was taken to her.

"Before Emma had been in the room three minutes her father, unable to find a policeman, came bounding up stairs. The door of forty-three stood open, and he was told that his daughter was in another room making her toilet. The father knocked on the door of the room she was in, but the guests persuaded him that it was better to wait until she was dressed. It should be mentioned that when Emma first rushed out of the room she saw Frank and exclaimed: 'O, dear Frank, is that you Frank; are you here too?' I was so much interested in the young woman's movement that I paid no attention to what was said in reply. When a knock came on her door while her father was outside,

SHE INQUIRED IF IT WAS 'DEAR FRANK.' An affirmative reply being given, the door was opened and Frank went in. When the old gentleman saw him enter he became frantic and demanded that the door be opened. At the same time he abused Frank in the roughest manner.

"As the old gentleman continued kicking the door the hotel proprietor ordered that it be opened and called upon the girl to come out. It was opened, and the young woman, with hair disheveled and her dress unbuttoned in front, came out, followed by Frank. She ran around the corridors with her father in pursuit. She exclaimed as she ran, 'O, dear father, don't hurt me; don't hurt me, dear father!' The father caught her near the stairway and in his frenzy, struck her, causing the blood to flow from her face. He

then grabbed her tightly around the body and made an effort to throw her over the stair-rail. He would have succeeded but for a young lawyer, a boarder, who prevented him. The old man held on to the girl and the lawyer held the father firmly pent up against the wall. He told the father that he would not permit violence to be done to the girl in the house no matter what her offense had been. The father's grasp on the girl was at last loosened, and

SHE FLED SCREAMING AROUND THE CORRIDOR. She saw a door open, and in she went and locked it, at the same time asking its male occupant for protection. The gentleman assured her that he would protect her without once looking at his wife, who was in bed.

After a few moments a knock came to the door with the assurance that it was Frank, and he was admitted. The father again ran down-stairs for a policeman to arrest the lawyer and his daughter. As soon as his back was turned the girl's clothes were taken to her, and she hurriedly put them on and left. One of the guests showed her the way to the ladies' entrance, in order to avoid her father in the office. In that way she escaped."

"And what became of the young man who was with her during all the excitement?" asked the reporter.

"You know, I never once saw him, as all the interest centered in the girl," was the candid reply. "But," he added, "I heard that when the woman first left her room he followed, got into an adjoining room, where he hurriedly threw on his clothes, and left by the ladies' entrance. I believe some of the ladies of the house seen him. But he escaped pretty quietly, anyway. He was lost sight of after the room door was first opened."

During further conversation the gentleman explained the

INCIDENTS WHICH LED TO THE SCENE. Frank and the girl, Emma, were supposed to be engaged. Father and daughter were apparently alike pleased at Frank's attentions. The course of their love ran smoothly until a few weeks ago, when a cousin of Frank's from the country came to Brooklyn to visit his relatives. Frank showed his cousin around town and introduced him to Emma.

Frank, the cousin, and Emma attended a moonlight picnic at one of the suburban parks on Tuesday evening, 5th inst. Nearing midnight the cousin and Emma gave Frank the slip and started for home together in a car. As Frank's suspicions were aroused, he followed them in the next car, and saw them enter the Wall House. Her father was notified, and the above exciting scene followed.

It may be mentioned that the girl, in making her hurried toilet, forgot her stockings, a bustle, a neck-chain, containing a lock of hair, and a few trifling articles. The chambermaid picked up the trifles, and Emma sent a messenger for them two days later, with word that if they were not surrendered she would bring suit for their recovery. Of course they were surrendered, as the hotel proprietor was only too glad, likely, to get them off his hands. All the circumstances show that the Wall House and its owners are not responsible for the acts of their peculiar visitors, "Mr. and Mrs. Ellis," who appear to have deceived the night clerk by misrepresentations.

## Federmeyer, the Wheelbarrow Pedestrian.

(With Portrait.)

On another page we give portraits of L. P. Federmeyer, who claims the title of champion wheelbarrow-pedestrian of the world by virtue of his recent successful attempt to trundle his vehicle across the continent from San Francisco to New York city, and of James T. Fuller, his guide and referee on that remarkable journey. Federmeyer, accompanied by his guide, left San Francisco on December 8th last, on a wager to compete with R. Lyman Potter in the feat stated. He arrived in New York after having encountered many privations, dangers and hardships, on July 23rd, one thousand miles, it is claimed, ahead of his competitor, having walked a distance of 4,600 miles in accomplishing this stupendous task. For a prize of \$500, put up against his succeeding by the proprietor of a hotel, Federmeyer, at fifteen minutes past midnight of the 10th inst., started upon the feat of pushing his wheelbarrow 800 miles in six days, "go as you please" at the American Institute building, in this city. Up to nine o'clock one the night of the 18th he had scored 257½ miles, but was suffering extremely from an inflamed ankle, the result of an injury received since his start. Whether successful or not he proposes to give further exhibitions subsequently, and on December 8th, to walk against Weston's time, trundling a wheelbarrow all the way.

## Not the Right Kind of Nigger.

The news was carried to Bonay, Texas, that Hank Parsons had been murdered, at a place twenty miles distant, by a negro. Some of his friends immediately provided themselves with a rope, mounted their horses, rode to the jail where the prisoner was confined, and broke open the door. They had taken it for granted that the slayer was a man, and were astounded to find not only a woman, but one possessed of youth, striking beauty, and only enough negro blood to make her a quadroon. This presented a dilemma. Only a minority of the mob adhered to the original intention of lynching, and the woman was whipped and left alive for trial.

## Mysterious Murder in Maryland.

BALTIMORE, August 13.—On Monday night, as John Crampton, colored, who lived at the farm of Mr. Hugh Kiernan, on the road leading from Beltsville to Bowie, in Prince George's county, was sitting at supper with his wife and three children, with his back to the rear door of his dwelling, two shots were fired from a double-barrel shotgun filled with large-size buck-shot. The shot entered at the base of the skull and went upward into the brain, killing him instantly. Footsteps were found leading from an ambush to Crampton's house. Suspicion points to several persons, but, pending the inquest, no trustworthy information can be obtained.



## Strange Story of a Stolen Child.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., August 10.—The sequel to the mysterious disappearance of a child in this city is now being developed, and the facts, as they come to light, transcend in some particulars the story of the loss of Charley Ross. It is another illustration of the fact that, while circumstantial evidence may be overwhelming, innocence may yet prevail. During the term of Mayor Kearney, of Wilkesbarre (now deceased), several years ago, a lovely child, three years of age, strangely disappeared from its parent's home on Brewery Hill. The mother was distracted and seemed to support an accusation of the neighbors that the father, Morgan Thomas, had murdered it in order to rid himself of the responsibility of its maintenance.

Mayor Kearney at once set himself about ferreting out the matter, put his force of detectives upon the suspected parent's track, and privately informed his immediate friends that he was convinced of the guilt of the father, and would soon hang him for a cruel murder. He believed that he had in his possession sufficient evidence to more than substantiate the story told by the neighbors and by himself that the parent had murdered his child and successfully disposed of the corpse. The father at first indignantly repelled the charge. His character until this time had been untarnished. When he discovered, however, that the wife of his bosom appeared to entertain a like suspicion he gave way to apparent remorse bordering on insanity. In the meantime the Mayor was active and was formulating a theory sustained by an almost invincible train of evidence tending to show the guilt of the prostrate parent. The Mayor was truly sincere in his convictions, but ere he had completed his investigation he was suddenly struck down by death.

Years have passed by and the circumstance has long since ceased to be a theme of wonderment. A few weeks since a pedler, an old acquaintance of the family to which the missing infant belonged, chanced to be traveling in the vicinity of Tunkhannock, in the adjoining county, and discovered the long-lost child. He at once conveyed this intelligence to the parents in Wilkesbarre and they repaired to the place named and fully identified it, but the people having it in charge refused to give it up. The parents returned to Wilkesbarre, and procuring a warrant from Alderman Donohue, are now in quest of their child. Efforts will be made to punish the abductors.

## A Policeman Beaten by Roughs.

[Subject of Illustration.]

At 2 o'clock on the morning of the 6th inst., Policeman Geary of the Thirty-first Precinct was assaulted by a gang of roughs at 110th street and the Western Boulevard. His club was taken from him, and he was beaten about the head and rendered insensible. His assailants then dragged him to an excavation some twenty feet deep, and threw him in. A citizen, who had seen the occurrence, gave information at the 100th street police station, and several officers were sent to the spot. Three men were arrested, but two were discharged by Sergeant Fitzgerald. The third, James Martin, of West 110th street, was taken by Officer Cooney to the Harlem police court, where



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MISS NELLIE CARLTON, BURLESQUE AND VARIETY ARTISTE.—SEE PAGE 2.

Justice Wheeler committed him. Geary's skull is fractured, and now lies in the Ninety-ninth Street Hospital in a critical condition.

## Audacious Street Robbery.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Isaac Wild, Jr., the son of a pawnbroker, was standing in front of his father's shop at 354 First avenue, at half past three o'clock p. m., on the 6th. A heavy gold chain spanned his waistcoat and guarded a silver watch. Four young men approached him, and two of them pinioned his arms behind him, while one of the others tore his watch and chain from his vest pocket, and passed it to the fourth man. The four then ran up the avenue, and turning into Twenty-first street, slackened their pace into a walk, supposing they were not pursued. But Policeman McCarthy had seen the robbery and followed the men. Overtaking them, he laid his hands on one, named James Foley, and demanded his surrender. Foley made a desperate effort to escape, and his confederates assaulted the policeman, knocking him down and kicking him. Just then Policeman Finnerty came up, and Foley was secured. The others made their escape.

In the meantime Wild had gone to the Twenty-second street station and informed Captain Clinchy, who, with two policemen, started in pursuit of the thieves. Foley's confederates were tracked by them and finally captured and lodged in the police station. The names of the four are James Foley, 423 East Thirty-second street, who has served a term for grand larceny; William Curry, 412 East Eighteenth street; Michael Egan, 420 East Twentieth street, who has just served a term of two years for grand larceny and William Denman, of 341 East Fifth street, who has served for burglary. The watch was not recovered, but it was known to whom it had been passed by Foley, and the detectives are on the hunt for the man.

## Prize Fighting by Lantern.

On the night of the 6th, word was brought to the East New York police station that a prize fight by the light of a lantern was in progress in the open fields near John street in the southeastern portion of the town. Captain Earley immediately sent six policemen to the place. For several blocks around it was very dark, and not a sound was heard. At last the policemen heard voices, and presently heard persons approaching. The police lay down beside a fence and waited. The men who were approaching saw the police in ambush, and separating fled. The police followed, and overtook one party of the fugitives, and saw one of the men light a match and look into the cut and bleeding face of another. These men were arrested. The one with the bleeding face gave his name as Joseph Madden and admitted that he had been one of the principals in the fight. The other man said he was only a friend of Madden's, and gave his name as Thos. Heeney.

There were between 250 and 300 men present at the fight. They had a pedler's wagon ready to carry away the principals in case of necessity, and a lantern to light the fighters. The two prisoners were locked up.



AUDACIOUS WORK OF CITY HIGHWAYMEN—ISAAC WILD ATTACKED AND PLUNDERED BY THIEVES, WHILE STANDING IN FRONT OF HIS FATHER'S SHOP, ON FIRST AVENUE; NEW YORK CITY.



POLICEMAN GEARY ASSAULTED BY A GANG OF HARLEM ROUGHS, HIS CLUB TAKEN FROM HIM AND USED UPON HIM WITH PROBABLY FATAL EFFECT; NEW YORK CITY.



## INFERNAL INIQUITY.

**A Young Girl in Search of an Honest Livelihood, Decoyed by a Friend, Who Sells Her Into the Hands of a Gang of Brutal Ravishers.**

MANNINGTON, W. Va., August 9.—One of the most horrible and audacious outrages on record was committed near this town on Saturday night, 19th ult., the particulars having but recently been brought to light. The victim was a girl of fourteen years, a daughter of one Bogy Ice, living near him, she being come to Mannington to go to a point on the railroad to engage with some family as a domestic.

When she reached town the train had left. The boys of the town collected around her, and she became frightened, and went to a Mr. Thomas Erwin for protection. He sent her to Martin's hotel to be taken care of for the night. Soon after young Lindsey Jones went to her and told her that they wanted to hire a girl at their house. She accepted the position and started home with him, as she thought. When a short distance from town Jones told her a Mr. Bock wanted a girl. At this moment a man stepped out from behind some bushes, and said "I am Mr. Bock." The girl doubted his word, and well she might, but he pledged his word and honor that he was the person, and she

## ACCOMPANIED THE DESIGNING VILLAIN.

A short distance from where he met her he overpowered her and committed a hellish outrage upon her. This man proved to be Henry Simpkins of Mannington. After him, several others committed the same crime upon her. This was not enough after dragging herself back nearer to town, she was attacked the second time by some fiends, who outraged her again. Jones received \$2.25 for decoying her from Mr. Martin's into the hands of the ravishers. It is said that Simpkins paid him one dollar of the money.

The particulars of this hellish outrage are too disgraceful to give them publicity. She identified the following parties: Lindsey Jones, Elmer Nay, Henry Simpkins, of Mannington, and John R. Burke, of Farmington. Simpkins is about thirty-five years of age and the others are from nineteen to twenty-five years of age. It is thought there will be others found out.

## WHOM SHE DID NOT KNOW.

Jones and Simpkins had a preliminary examination here on the 2nd before Justice Christy, and they were both held over for trial. Simpkins gave the necessary bond for his appearance, but Jones in default of \$1,000 bail, went to Fairmount jail. Nay turned State's evidence. Burke is now under arrest.

The physicians who examined the girl say she was nothing but a child and that her treatment was too shameful to speak of. The country people where the girl lives are so much enraged that they threaten to take the perpetrators out and lynch them, and the best people of the town are very indignant over the matter and are doing everything in their power to see justice done the girl and the law vindicated. They made up money enough to fee a lawyer to prosecute the case. They have Mr. Staggars, a young lawyer from Fairmount, prosecuting, and L. B. Haymond, Esq., defending the culprits. John R. Burke is the last man whom the people of this community would think would be guilty of such an offense. He is a young man heretofore of good reputation, and of a highly reputable family.

## Daring Robbers' Raid on a Western Town.

[Subject of Illustration.]

[Special Correspondence of POLICE GAZETTE.]

INDEPENDENCE, Ka., August 8.—The town of Caney, situated south of here and just north of the state line was the scene of a startling raid on the morning of the 2nd. About nine o'clock four horsemen, armed



L. P. FEDERMEIER, THE CHAMPION WHEELBARROW PEDESTRIAN, AND JAMES T. FULLER, HIS REFEREE AND GUIDE, ON HIS SUCCESSFUL 4,500 MILE JOURNEY ACROSS THE CONTINENT, FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 8.

with Henry rifles and revolvers, rode into the place; a few moments were sufficient to "take the town," when the men proceeded to sack the place. The two stores and post-office were plundered of all that could be taken away.

A man by the name of Kirkpatrick was shot four times, and almost instantly killed; his son also received one ball through the arm but escaped further injury by putting his horse in a run. Some \$800 and six horses rewarded this sudden attack on our border. It is reported that they belong to a band of seventy-five or eighty and are from Texas. Several scouting parties went in pursuit, accompanied by some fifty or sixty friendly Indians.

Another account says, south of the town and over the line in the Nation the party met S. F. White, of the firm of Dunlap & White, merchants in Caney, took

him prisoner and made him accompany them back to town. They took \$50 from the store of Dunlap & White, and filled four seamless sacks with boots, shoes, and the most valuable goods they could find in the store. They got 300 postage-stamps from the post-office, and from a drover who had a lot of cattle near the line they took \$250. While the robbers were busy robbing the town, Kirkpatrick, the man alluded to above, rode up to the store accompanied by another named Roberts. The robbers commanded them to halt, but they did not stop. The band then fired upon the two men killing Kirkpatrick and wounding Roberts. Three bullets passed through Kirkpatrick's body and both his arms were broken. Roberts was severely wounded but was supposed not seriously. The robbers fired about thirty shots. Kirkpatrick, though he had a shot gun, did not fire.

## PERSEVERING PAIS.

**They Cruise About the Isle de Blackwell, Upset a Guardboat and Rescue the Convict Rowers, the Comrades for Whose Release They Put up the Job.**

[Subject of Illustration.]

A daring and successful attempt to rescue two Blackwell's Island convicts, startled police headquarters on the night of the 10th. It appears that guardboat No. 8, under charge of Stephen Kelly, a keeper, was doing patrol duty that afternoon off the foot of Seventy-sixth street. The two convicts in the boat were Dennis Gillespie and John O'Brien. Kelly sat at the tiller and steered while they piled the oars. In his belt he carried a revolver, and between his knees a loaded carbine rested. They had been on patrol during most of the afternoon, and he had no suspicion that anything was wrong. A scheme was on foot however, the developments of which proved astonishing to him. When off East Seventy-sixth street, about midway between the New York and Blackwell's Island shores, at half past five o'clock, the keeper, Kelly, noticed a row-boat, in which there were six men approaching. Believing they were out for pleasure he paid no attention to their coming until they were close at hand. When they were but a few feet away he called to them to keep off, as it is against the rules for the patrol boat to touch or communicate with shore or with any other boat. Before he fairly realized the situation they were alongside, and the next moment had

## OVERTURNED HIS BOAT.

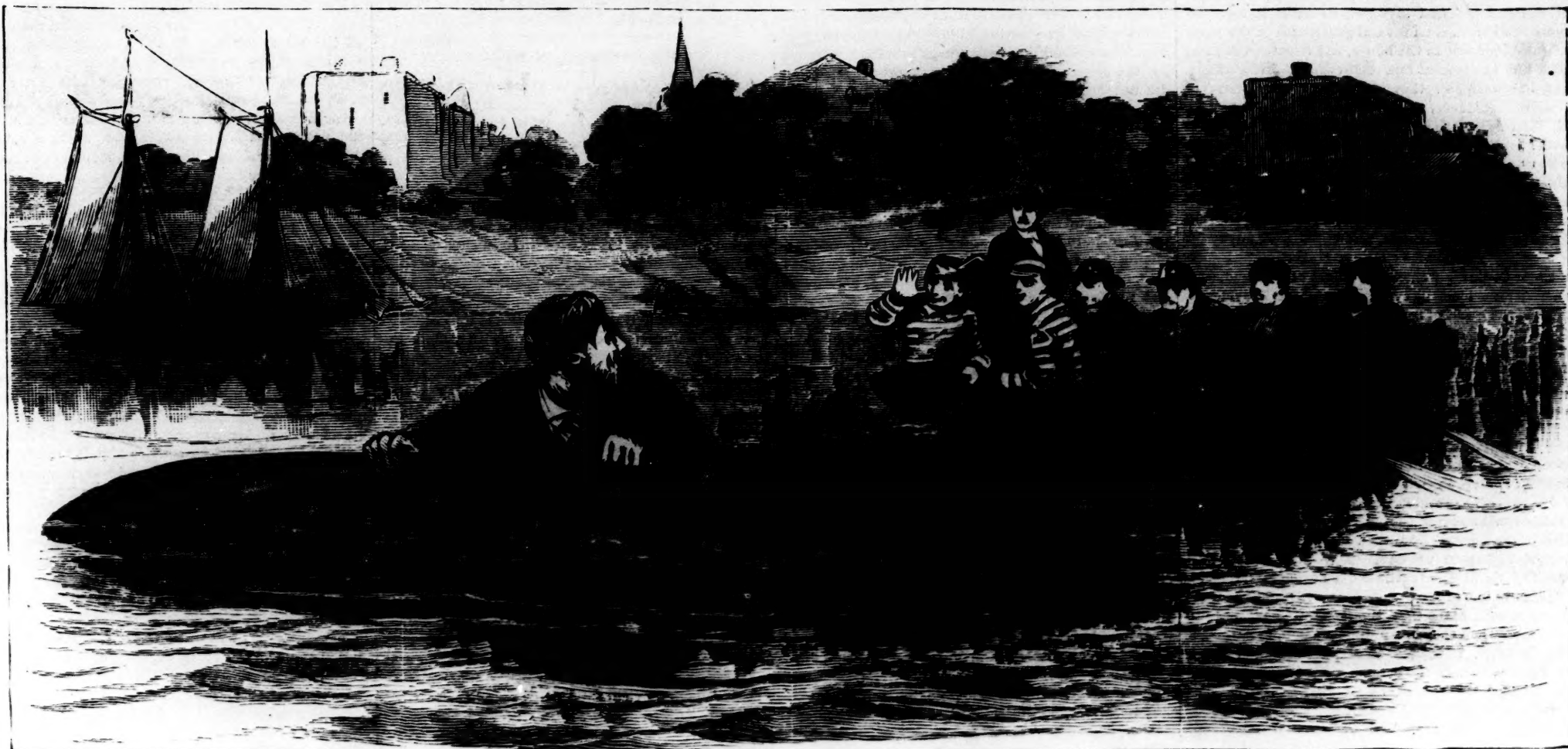
The two convicts, who evidently were aware of the plan of escape, swam to the edge of the boat containing their friends, and were taken on board. Kelly's carbine went to the bottom of the river, and as he had all he could do to cling to the keel of his overturned boat, he could not use his revolver. While he was thus hanging in the boat one of the convict's friends reached out from the other boat and took his revolver from his belt, leaving him entirely unarmed. The rescuers and the rescued, who appeared elated over their success, rowed off toward the New York shore jeering at Kelly, who remained hanging for dear life to the boat, unable to do anything to interrupt the prisoners' escape.

He shouted lustily and was taken up in about twenty minutes by a row-boat from the New York side and landed at the foot of East Seventy-fifth street. He ran, dripping wet, to the Twenty-eighth precinct station-house, in East Fifty-ninth street, and told his adventure to Captain Turner. A general alarm was sent out describing the men and

## CALLING FOR THEIR ARREST.

Dennis Gillespie is twenty-four years old, five feet seven inches in height, has light brown hair and complexion and blue eyes. He has been on the Island two or three times and was last convicted of petit larceny. His sentence was for six months and the time would have expired in two weeks. His companion, John O'Brien, was also serving a six months' sentence for assault and battery, and had two months' service remaining due the county. He is about twenty-seven years old, five feet nine inches in height, and has light hair and complexion and blue eyes. After he had made his report to the police, Kelly returned to the Island and acquainted Warden Fox with what had occurred. The warden informed him that he had neglected his duty in allowing the row-boat to approach him, and ordered his suspension. Gillespie and O'Brien were both in prison garb when the rescue took place. It was broad daylight at the time, and the scene must have been witnessed from the shore.

How they were supplied with the clothing which must have been furnished in place of the prison stripes is a matter of surprise. It is more than likely the clothing was in the boat or in waiting for them at some point along shore.



DARING RESCUE OF BLACKWELL'S ISLAND PRISONERS—KEEPER KELLY, WHILE DOING PATROL DUTY, WITH TWO CONVICT ROWERS, HAS HIS BOAT OVERTURNED BY A PARTY OF SIX MEN WHO MAKE OFF WITH HIS JEERING CAPTIVES; NEW YORK CITY.



## THE GOVERNOR'S GRIT.

Both Sides of the Story of the Alleged Unpleasantness Between Senator Conkling and ex-Governor Sprague.

### YOU PAY YOUR MONEY

And You Take Your Choice as to Believing it to be a Freak of Temper or the Culmination of a Smouldering Scandal.

### THE SENSATIONAL VIEW OF THE CASE.

[With Illustration and Portraits.]

Numerous rumors were afloat last week concerning a very unpleasant affair at the residence of ex-Senator Sprague, at Narragansett Pier, on Friday afternoon 8th inst. Reports of a serious shooting affray were current. As usual, all sorts of sensational stories were told, involving several persons, among whom was Senator Conkling, who had been sojourning in Rhode Island for several days.

It appears that Mrs. William Sprague and children arrived in Rhode Island from Washington about two weeks ago, and after a short stay at Watch Hill, went to her husband's residence at Narragansett Pier. Some months ago she engaged a German teacher for her children named Professor George Linck of New York, and he was occupied with his duties while the family were in Washington. She requested him to come to Narragansett Pier to meet her husband to arrange his compensation. Linck came to the pier, but for several days did not see Mr. Sprague. At last he met him at Watch Hill about a week ago, and for some unknown reason Mr. Sprague took a

#### VIOLENT AND STRONG DISLIKE TO HIM.

And would have no dealings with him, even forbidding him to come to his house at the Pier. Linck, not realizing that Mr. Sprague was in earnest, went to Mr. Sprague's house on the 8th, and the result was that a very disgraceful encounter ensued. After Linck had been in the house a while Sprague arrived, and when he saw the German, became furious, and in spite of the fact that the house had several guests, ladies and gentlemen from Albany and elsewhere, he ordered the man to leave, and, seizing a double-barrelled shot gun, threatened to kill him if he did not go. Mr. Sprague had previously informed some of the guests that they also had better go as it was probable there would be murder in the house. The ladies screamed, and naturally there was a great deal of excitement at the

#### STRANGE ACTION OF THE EX-SENATOR.

The housekeeper endeavored to quiet the infuriated man, but it was necessary for Linck to depart before the fear of bloodshed was allayed. The German left the house and went into the village, whither, after a time, Governor Sprague followed, but he did not chance to encounter Linck again.

As to Senator Conkling's connection with the matter, one account asserts that he was at Mr. Sprague's house during this altercation, but saw nothing of it, as he was in the library at the time, some distance from the scene. It appears that Mr. Sprague had consulted Senator Conkling in Washington some months ago upon a business matter connected with the settlement of the Sprague estate, and, as the business was unfinished, and as it had been intimated to Senator Conkling that Mr. Sprague wished to see him again about it, the senator went over to the Pier from Newport in a yacht with a party of friends on the 7th. He called at Mr. Sprague's house on the following day, and was awaiting his arrival to

#### CONSULT HIM IN REFERENCE TO THE BUSINESS.

As before stated, he did not witness the altercation, but hearing the ladies scream, he immediately sought them out, and found they were desirous to leave the house. There was an invalid gentleman in the party of guests present in the house, and Senator Conkling took him in his arms and removed him to a carriage, and afterward saw that all present were conveyed from the residence, as they were much frightened. He then walked to the village of Narragansett. While walking along he was overtaken by Governor Sprague, who was driving to the Pier. He stopped and asked Mr. Sprague what all the trouble was about, saying he could not understand why he (Governor Sprague) should act so like a wild man. Mr. Sprague said that he knew his own business, refusing to give any

#### EXPLANATION OF HIS ACTIONS.

Senator Conkling went to the house of a friend, and shortly after took the evening train for Providence. He was the guest of Senator Anthony that night and the following day, and the next evening took the steamer for New York.

After the trouble Mrs. Sprague and her guests left the house and drove down to the village, where they took rooms at one of the hotels, Governor Sprague remaining at home. On the following day Mrs. Sprague and her children left for Providence, where it is understood that she went to the house of one of her husband's relatives in that city, where she now is.

On the other hand it is as positively asserted by credible witnesses at the Pier that, after the expulsion of the German from the house, Governor Sprague turned his wrath upon the New York Senator, demanding that he leave the house at once, and, meeting him in one of the streets of the village afterward, declared with oaths that the Senator would need to be armed when they should meet again, because he, Mr. Sprague, would shoot Mr. Conkling on sight. By these witnesses the details of the alleged phase of the matter are related as follows: On Governor Sprague's return to the house after the episode with the German professor, it is said he first encountered Senator Conkling, and that in the interval between the tutors' flight and the return of Governor Sprague the guests in the house had made their preparations to leave. Senator Conkling, it has been published and denied, was obliged to carry Mr. Martin, who is

an invalid, from his bed to the carriage. Mrs. Sprague remained after the departure of all her guests but Senator Conkling, and it was when alone with Mrs. Sprague, Mr. Conkling and the overseer of the place, Morris, that Governor Sprague is said to have ordered Senator Conkling to leave, taking out his watch at the same time, and saying to the Senator that he would give him

#### JUST TWENTY MINUTES TO QUIT THE HOUSE.

Whatever may be the truth of this, it is certain that Senator Conkling came down to the village without his luggage, that he spent the interval—some three hours—between his departure from the house and his leaving by the train for Providence in an obscure little cafe of the village, and that his luggage—a heavy trunk and a valise—was sent from the house to the station about an hour after Senator Conkling came to the village. Senator Conkling had said to friends in Newport on leaving for Narragansett Pier, Thursday afternoon, 7th inst., that he expected to remain at Governor Sprague's house for several days.

A few minutes after Senator Conkling's departure from the house, Governor Sprague followed him toward the village. Immediately on her husband's quitting the place—it is said that he then still had his gun with him—Mrs. Sprague took her three little girls with her, the oldest about twelve and the youngest five, and hurried through the grounds to the back entrance, whence she went over to the Tower Hill hotel, a mile from the Sprague house, and remained there over night. The next day she went by train to Providence, Governor Sprague

#### TAKING ANOTHER TRAIN FOR THE SAME CITY.

Governor Sprague drove rapidly to the village. The restaurant in which Senator Conkling was is on a street at right angles with the road which leads from the Sprague place to the village. As Senator Sprague turned the corner he saw Senator Conkling standing in front of this restaurant, but did not stop as he reached the building. Here accounts differ as to whether Senator Sprague pulled up after passing, or whether Senator Conkling stopped him. Druggist Clark, whose shop is near the little cafe, says he was too far away to hear, but was near enough to see that something very exciting was being said by the governor. Senator Conkling crossed the street, and the governor, wheeling around, jumped from his carriage, in his excitement taking the seat with him. He gestulated violently. The druggist

#### EXPECTED EVERY INSTANT TO SEE BLOWS.

At last the senator returned to the cafe, and the governor drove away.

But if the druggist was too far away to hear, the conversation was carried on in tones loud enough, so that gentlemen says, to awaken Mr. Wood, who is employed at the cafe and who was taking a nap in his room over the front door. It had also attracted a boy who is a waiter there, and he saw that the governor was greatly excited. Mr. Wood says that he was awakened by hearing some one say, in very loud tones, "Have you not gone yet, — you?" Thereupon Mr. Wood got up and, looking through the window, he saw that the speaker was Governor Sprague, and that he was addressing Senator Conkling, whom Wood knew by sight perfectly well. The senator said something in a low tone which Mr. Wood says he did not hear, but the answer that came back with the utmost vehemence he did. It was:

"I will accept no apology for what you've done, — you."

"You will think better of all this to-morrow," Mr. Wood says he heard the senator say.

"No, sir; no, sir. I want this distinctly understood. Go away from here at once. You say you are not armed. Then go, for, by God, if you don't I'll blow your brains out; and, further, never cross my path again. If you do, be armed. I shall be armed, and

#### "IF YOU CROSS MY WAY I SHALL KILL YOU."

Mr. Wood feared that there would be an encounter at once, for some of the language that he ascribed to the governor were epithets unfit to publish, and such as one seldom uses without blows resulting; but just then Senator Conkling went across the street, followed by the governor, and what was there said Mr. Wood did not hear. At length the governor got into his carriage and drove away. Senator Conkling turned and entered the cafe. He was very pale, but in manner very quiet. He asked the trembling boy, who had expected every instant to see blows, to bring him some crackers and milk, and these he ate and drank without the slightest appearance of emotion. There were still two hours before the train left. The senator strolled to the beach and stood there a long time, poking his umbrella in the sand. Then he returned to the cafe. The waiter says that a lady, handsome, but neither young nor old, drove up to the door of the cafe in great haste and called to the senator. He was quickly by her side. She spoke hurriedly to him and drove away. Then she returned and again called him to the carriage. The boy does not know Mrs. Sprague by sight, and did not

#### KNOW WHO THIS LADY WAS.

When Senator Conkling arrived in Providence on the 8th, he went to the office of the Providence Journal, of which his friend, Senator Anthony, is editor. Mr. Conkling spent some time in the office, and while there was informed by Mr. Danielson, the managing editor, that a newspaper correspondent at Narragansett Pier had sent to the Providence and Boston Sunday papers notifying them that there had been an altercation between Governor Sprague and Senator Conkling. This Senator Conkling denied. He said there had been no trouble or difficulty whatever, not even hard language. It was then suggested to him that, in order to break the force of any account that might be published of any difficulty at Narragansett Pier, he either suggest or dictate briefly a statement which Mr. Danielson said would be given to the Associated Press. This was done and the first public connection of Senator Conkling's name with a domestic trouble at Canonchet was by his consent, and even at his dictation. This statement was generally accepted in Providence until further accounts showed that the meeting in front of restaurant was witnessed

by so many persons as to make it possible to doubt the truth of

#### SENATOR CONKLING'S ASSERTION.

A gentleman who heard Senator Conkling deny that there had been any altercation or unpleasantness, said that the senator had so emphatically declared that he was in no way involved in the affair that it was hard to account for these discrepancies. The gentleman then suggested that it was a case of mistaken identity, and that the man whom the governor warned if they ever met again was not Senator Conkling; and this is now the explanation given by Senator Conkling's friends here. But Druggist Clark says he knows Senator Conkling perfectly well by sight, and the people at the cafe said that he had been in there a number of times before. Mr. Wood has also seen the senator elsewhere. Morris, the overseer at Canonchet, says that Senator Conkling was nowhere in sight when the governor ejected the German Professor, and that the violent language that was used by the governor to Senator Conkling occurred some time after. Prof. Linck, in his statement, says that the governor came to a lager beer saloon where he was hiding, and looked

#### ABOUND FOR HIM VERY EXCITEDLY.

The governor did drive by the saloon and did look in, but the opinion in Narragansett Pier is that he was not looking for the tutor, but for Senator Conkling. In view of the attempt to mislead the public in regard to the trouble by sending a dispatch that Senator Conkling practically dictated, and connecting his name with a comparatively trivial domestic disagreement with a tutor, and in a manner which the tutor does not even mention in his very detailed statement, it is commonly believed in Providence that Senator Conkling was involved in a most serious difficulty at Canonchet with Governor Sprague, which the Senator and his friends have their reasons for wishing to suppress. If the statement of different persons that agree in many details are true, all that is known of the difficulty is that Governor Sprague, returning unexpectedly to Canonchet by carriage late at night, and unknown to any but the servants, went to the village the next morning and learned accidentally that Senator Conkling had been a guest at his house for two days. He returned to Canonchet at once, and happened just as he returned to stumble upon the German tutor, to whom he had before intimated that he was not wanted. The affair with the tutor then occurred, and after that was over he went into the house and

#### SEARCHED FOR AND FOUND THE SENATOR.

On Friday evening, 8th inst., Professor Linck, so the proprietor of the hotel where he boarded says, received a dispatch from Senator Conkling requesting him to come at once to Providence, and the professor did so on the following day. On the evening of that day he took to the Providence Journal the statement of the difficulty he had with Governor Sprague. It is believed to be substantially true, but as he was away when the difficulty with Senator Conkling began, it only tells a part of the story.

It is certain that Governor Sprague has been somewhat disposed to make a statement over his own name, but has now decided not to do so. His friend, Mr. Watson, of Wakefield, who conversed with him some time on the matter, said that he asked him about the connection Senator Conkling had with the matter, and that the governor replied, "He has tried to do here for my house what he did in Washington," and when pressed for a further explanation, simply said, "Have you not read the Washington papers?" This was all the public statement that he desired to make, and he did not desire even this to appear in the form of a statement directly from him.

Mrs. Sprague has not been in communication with Governor Sprague's friends since her arrival in Providence. She has seen no one, and the report that was current there that steps toward a divorce were to be taken is, so far as can now be learned, entirely unfounded.

It is said that, though not at first decided on that point, he finally concluded to take no notice of anything that has been said.

### TEXAN FAMILY FEUDS.

The Bloody Vendetta Between the Morris and Loggins Clans, of Kindred Connection, Which Arose From a Loggins's Jealousy of a Morris's Relations With His Wife.

A Hempstead, Texas, correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat writes to that journal: One result of the corruption of the courts and the non-execution of the criminal laws in Texas is the springing up of deadly feuds between families in some sections of Texas. One of these vendettas—and, so far, a most bloody one—is just commencing in this (Waller) county. The thrilling tragedies it has already engendered have shocked the entire state, used as its people are to scenes of blood.

In a neighborhood of four or five miles west of Hempstead and near the Brazos, in the midst of rich lands, fertile plantations and wealthy farmers, there are, and have for a long time, been two prominent and leading families—the Logginses and the Morrises. The former is probably the most numerous, about one hundred and fifty persons belonging to the connection in different parts of the state. A number of the family have heretofore resided near Hempstead and in the same neighborhood with the Morrises. Some of them were related to the former by marriage. Both families were in fact mixed up.

Some time during 1877 Thomas Loggins for a time found it necessary to be absent from his residence,

#### IN THE MIDST OF A LARGE PLANTATION.

His absence was not only somewhat prolonged, but indefinite, and he suddenly returned to his home to find his cousin—one of the Morrises—in his house and in close proximity to his wife, Mrs. Loggins. The enraged husband, in true Texan style, drew his revolver and, leveling at the head of the loathario, drew trigger, but the cap burst and the barrel failed to fire. Morris arose and fled through a back door in the fields and escaped. Loggins, finding he could not "get his man," shot down Morris's horse, which he found

hitched at the gate. After this Morris fled the country. Loggins threatened that if ever they met the disturber of his domestic peace must die. A short while ago Morris returned, and hearing of the threats armed himself with a double-barrelled shot-gun and proceeded to waylay Loggins as the latter rode out of Hempstead on his return to his home. He was accompanied by a friend, and as the two approached a large post-oak tree, near a fence, Morris sprang from behind it, raised the gun and shot Loggins dead. The murderer, having no fear whatever of kangaroo courts, hastened to deliver himself up to the authorities, knowing that he would never be punished. An investigation was had and the

#### MURDERER REMANDED TO JAIL WITHOUT BAIL.

Some of the Loggins connection swore vengeance at the time, and shortly afterward Reuben Loggins, his son Henry and a nephew, Wilford Loggins, held a consultation, at which it was determined to avenge the death of their kinsman. The bloody resolve was faithfully carried out. Reuben Morris, a well to do farmer and excellent citizen and justice of the peace—a brother of the murderer—was riding home not long since from Hempstead. As he was passing through a long lane in the Loggins plantation, and just as he neared an old gin-house, he was suddenly confronted by "old man" Reuben Loggins and the two young men mentioned, who deliberately shot him off his horse, he falling to the ground a corpse.

The three murderers were arrested on the evidence of a negro who saw the murder and had long been in one of the contending families. They are now in jail awaiting action by the courts. They also have no fear of the courts, and what with continuances and delays, new trials and executive clemency are pretty certain to escape punishment. The people of the town and neighborhood are being forced to take sides with one party or the other, and the prospects are a long and bloody vendetta of assassination and murder, which the courts are either too weak or too corrupt to nip in the bud and put down in the beginning.

### A COLD-BLOODED CRIME.

Dastardly Assassination of a Well-Known Citizen of Pennsylvania's Capital in the Presence of his Intended Bride, on the Eve of his Wedding Day, by a Jealous Rival.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Aug. 8.—A cold-blooded murder occurred at Montgomery's Ferry, Perry county, this state, at an early hour, yesterday morning, which has caused great excitement in this city where the victim resided and was well known. The particulars of the tragedy are as follows: William K. Miller was a widower, twenty-six years old, with two little boys, aged respectively five and four years. His wife died two years ago and he and his children made their home with her father, Cyrus Weeks. He was quiet, upright, industrious and highly esteemed, and was much attached to his little family. He was for the past five years an employe of the Pennsylvania railroad shops, at Harrisburg, and attended to the keeping of accounts of coal taken from the wharves by the engines, daily. He had been paying attention to a young lady, Miss Mary Hamaker, whom he was to have married at Altoona last evening. The pair intended to start for Altoona on the way train, and while waiting at the ferry until the train was ready before they proceeded to the depot, the blood-thirsty rival Samuel E. Albright, maddened with jealousy, went into the room where the pair were conversing, and deliberately shot Miller dead before

#### EVEN GIVING HIM WARNING.

Two revolver shots were fired, both passing through his chest. Albright immediately fled to the mountains, and has since been at large. The affair created intense excitement at the ferry, and if the murderer could have been secured just then, the citizens would have allowed him but a short shrift before hanging him up to the nearest tree.

The news spread rapidly, and the Citizen fire company, of which Miller was a member, tolled their bell all the afternoon and draped the engine-house in mourning, and some two hundred firemen and friends of the deceased thronged the depot on the arrival of every train, expecting the body to arrive.

Another account from Newport states that Miller had married Miss Hamaker two weeks ago, and that after shooting Miller, Albright fired one shot at Miss Hamaker

#### MISSING HER AND THEN FLED.

It is also alleged that Albright is a fugitive from justice and that he has been off to Texas for some time to avoid arrest for some crime he had committed.

Armed men are searching for Albright on the mountain, but it is stated that he is acquainted with the mountain for miles around, and that it may be weeks before he is arrested. He is said to be wicked enough to commit almost any lawless act. His acquaintances state that his general reputation is very bad, and that Miss Hamaker from time to time refused to have anything to do with him on account of his character. He was one of the party who about a year ago was arrested for a series of petty thefts from the farmers of Perry county, and was convicted and sentenced to eight or ten months in the Perry county jail. It is said of him that on one occasion, several years ago, he threw a man over the baluster in a dance-house, the fall

#### NEARLY KILLING HIS VICTIM.

At one time when Miss Hamaker resided at Rockville, a young man of Harrisburg paid her a visit, hiring on the occasion a young and wicked horse and light carriage to drive up the river. Albright put in an appearance the same evening on a freight train from Newport and found the Harrisburg visitor there, when he told the hostler of the Cross Keys hotel at Rockville that he would play a trick on the city fellow that he would break his neck. When the man from Harrisburg started home the hostler warned him to be on the lookout, and after making an examination they found that the four bars had been removed from the wheels so as to cause an accident. The trick was attributed to Albright's malice.



# COOL'S COURAGE.

Particulars of the Canadian Shooting Scrape in Which Burgess, the Famous Negro Delineator was the Active Figure.

## HIS STORY OF HIS WRONGS.

A Pathetic Narrative which Inclines One to Sympathize with His Regret that He Did not Settle the Matter with his Revolver.

## HIS PERSECUTOR'S CALL FOR JUSTICE.

[With Portrait.]

Cool Burgess was arrested on the evening of the 8th after his performance at the Tivoli, on a charge of shooting the paramour of his wife at Toronto. The arrest was made on complaint of William W. Widgery of Toronto, Canada. Burgess and his family live in that city, where his brother keeps a hotel under the name of Rising Sun. For some time back his mother has been sick. She resides on the Davenport Road. Cool went to Toronto on Monday 4th inst., to see his mother, who was reported dying. His wife had been estranged from him through the alleged wiles of Wm. W. Widgery. Wednesday evening 6th, Cool met Widgery in the "Rising Sun" as already detailed in the GAZETTE. Widgery was in company of Alexander Blakely, a cigar-maker, and when he entered he stepped up to Burgess and asked him to join him in a social drink, but the offer was

REJECTED AS AN INSULT.

This culminated in a quarrel, during which Burgess fired four times at Widgery, one shot taking effect in Widgery's arm, and the other in his left hand. Burgess escaped, and Widgery fired a gunshot after him, but missed his aim. The residence of Burgess' mother was searched, but Burgess had fled to New York. The authorities telegraphed to New York last night. Burgess was arrested at the Tivoli theatre, as already stated.

In the early part of the evening he made his appearance at the theatre as usual. As he sang a comic song he seemed full of fun and good humor. But as he sat in Manager Aberle's private office fifteen minutes later and narrated the story of his domestic troubles, he appeared a very different man. With tearful eyes and broken voice he said: "About four years ago, while I was living in Toronto, my wife became acquainted with William W. Widgery. He kept a fruit store, and my cousin, Barbara Martin, was in his employ. He was married and had a very bad reputation. I had told

MY WIFE TO BEWARE OF HIM.

Unknown to me she used to frequent his store, on the pretence that she wished to see her cousin. I at last discovered this fact, and forbade her going there. Even then I began to have my suspicions that there was more than appeared on the surface, for I could see that her love for me had cooled. I went to fulfill an engagement at Winnipeg. While there I received an anonymous letter signed, 'A friend,' telling me that at a private party, my wife's name had been coupled with that of a prominent fruit dealer in Toronto in an undesirable manner, and that it would be well for me to put a stop to public talk. I showed the letter to my wife on my return; she said there was nothing in it. I followed the matter up, and she finally acknowledged that she had a flirtation with Mr. Widgery, and that it was hard to accuse her of wrong-doing because she had played two or three games of cards with him. For a while I was quieted. Other parties, however, reported to me that they had seen my wife and Widgery out

RIDING AND DRINKING WINE TOGETHER.

Still there was no positive proof of her wrong, but I drove her out of my house. She went to a hotel, and next day threw the case into the Court of Chancery. I went to see my lawyer, and he asked me if I had positive proof of my wife's misconduct. I told him I had not. He advised me to make up with her, and wait until I had further proof, or she would get the best part of my property. I went to see my wife. She refused to compromise unless I gave her two houses that I owned. For the sake of my children I did sign over to her two houses, with furniture, worth \$12,000. I then went to England, taking her with me. I made seven attempts before she consented to leave Toronto. Before she was away three weeks, so thoroughly infatuated was she, that she wished to go home. I hurried through my engagements, refusing several tempting offers, and returned to New York within ten weeks. I arrived in this city on December 31, 1878. I told my wife to get all the furniture she wanted, and I would bring the four children from Toronto. She concluded to do as I wished, but finally decided to go to Toronto. I went with her, and heard such startling proofs of her infidelity that

I CONCLUDED TO SEPARATE FROM HER.

She went to her brother's house, William Taylor. Her own mother came on to New York with my children and myself. My wife came back to New York and rented 129 East Twenty-seventh street, a brown-stone front. She came over to me in Brooklyn, and on her knees begged me to let her have her children. She made a full confession of all her errors, and begged to be taken back. I refused, but her mother and my son and daughter begged me to let her have the children, if she behaved herself. I took her back and let her have the children eight weeks ago. I then filled an engagement at Pittsburg, Pa. During my absence, Widgery commenced to correspond with her. Her own mother took the letters from the trunk and brought them to me, saying, 'Cool, you have been more than a son to me; Edna is guilty. See, here he calls her his 'own darling wife.' I wrote him when I found that he was corresponding with my wife, begging him not to break up my family and my home, and telling him if he continued

I WOULD SHOOT HIM ON SIGHT.

Here is the letter:

"NEW YORK, July 8, 1879.

"Mr. W. W. Widgery, Esq.:

"DEAR SIR—Before me are two of your letters, dated May 26th and 27th, addressed to my wife. I beg of you not to interfere any further with my family. You have ruined me, my family, and my once happy home. If you do not cease I will shoot you at sight. This is no idle boast, but the feelings of an injured husband. Take warning ere it is too late. Yours, an injured husband. COOL BURGESS."

Here is his reply:

"TORONTO, July 9, 1879.

"C. Burgess:

"Sir—I received yours of 8th, and hasten to let you know I care as little for your threats as I do for yourself. You were reported to have shot me once, and had you tried, as I wished, to set the matter right before the public, you would have been better off to-day, and no occasion to write such a threatening letter. If you mean business and want to try your skill on me be a man, and although the law is against such practice I will come to New York and meet you, with or without weapons if necessary. As you talk of shooting so much,

LET IT BE PISTOLS AT TWO PACES.

Understand after your threats I mean business, and as you brand me villain, if you don't move more in this matter I brand you as a coward, not only on paper but to your teeth. One you can't scare, black or white. W. W. WIDGERY."

"On Monday I received a telegram informing me that if I wished to see my mother alive I must come immediately to Toronto. I left New York at six P. M. Before I went away I purchased a revolver of a pawnbroker; the first time I ever bought a weapon. I bought it to use, for I knew Widgery was a desperate man. When I got to Toronto I took a hack to my mother's house, so as to avoid him. I went from my mother's bedside to my brother's hotel, a mile out of town. Widgery was there awaiting me. I kept away, going to see a few friends. I came back at half past ten. He and two friends were drinking. As soon as he saw me he called out at me in the most insulting language, and asked me to drink with them. I went up-stairs and got my revolver. When I came down he again used vile language to me. He

BRAGGED OF RUINING MY FAMILY.

I drew my revolver and shot at him. The bullet went through his right arm. He ran behind the stove. I fired again, the bullet going through the stove and taking off one of his fingers. The remaining cartridges in my revolver fell out, being too small, or I would have killed him, for certainly that was my intention. When he found I had no more shots he called for a revolver. My brother got a hack and took me to Scarborough Junction, from whence I went to Port Hope, and took the steamer Norseman for Rochester. I arrived here Wednesday morning and telegraphed to the chief of police at Toronto that I was willing to come back and give myself up. I went and saw my wife, and told her all. Before the interview I threw my revolver away. I only regret that I did not kill the man who has stolen my wife, broken up my home, and disgraced my children."

Burgess was arrested by Detective Cumming, on a telegraphic requisition from Toronto, Canada. Mr. Burgess had finished his part in the entertainment, and the arrest was not noticed by the audience, and

OCCASIONED NO EXCITEMENT.

He expressed his willingness to go to Toronto without putting the authorities to further trouble. Superintendent Walling, however, restrained him from doing so as he thought it would be doing himself an injustice to go without the presentation of extradition papers in the regular way. Superintendent Walling accordingly telegraphed to chief of Police Draper, of Toronto, as follows:

"Burgess is willing to go back to Canada, but you must first consult the British Consul." Chief of Police Draper, replied, "release Burgess providing he will report when wanted." Burgess replied that he would, and was accordingly released.

Thus the case stands at present. In the meantime, however, Mr. Burgess is playing in his specialties (white face) at Tony Pastor's theatre, in this city. Widgery's account of the affair, according to a Toronto correspondent, is as follows:

"When Burgess came into the bar, I asked him to have a drink. He asked me if I wanted to insult him and said something about his family. I only answered: 'Oh, shut up; I have heard that before. Come and take a drink.' I deny that I swore at him or used abusive language, and certainly gave him no reason for using his revolver. I was standing in the bar, between the stove and the counter, when I spoke as above, when he drew a revolver and fired deliberately at me. I felt the bullet strike me in the right arm, and I immediately called out to Blakely, 'My God, Alex, give me a revolver; do you want to

SEE ME MADE A TARGET OF?'

Before I got the revolver Burgess fired a second time and put a bullet through the index finger of my left hand near the nail, the ball going clean through the bone and out on the other side. The first bullet passed through my arm, between the elbow and wrist, inflicting a severe flesh wound. When I got the revolver Burgess ran into the yard and I fired one shot, not at him, but into the floor at my feet to frighten him. I was angry at having been shot for nothing, after firing one shot I threw the revolver away, determined to protect myself without the aid of firearms. After stopping there a few minutes I drove away, and have not seen Burgess since."

"Did you ever make use of threatening language toward Burgess?" Widgery was asked.

"You can judge for yourself," he replied. "He wrote me a letter stating that he would kill me on sight, and he gave me so much trouble that I finally wrote to him saying that I would go to New York, and if he wanted pistols I would fight him at two paces."

Robert Chadd, a witness to the affair declares, his willingness to swear that Widgery took deliberate aim at Cool, and he does not see how he missed.

## GHOSTLY AND GHASTLY.

Anna Dickinson's Blood-Curdling Stories of Her Experience With Unearthly Visitants—A Spook With a Fancy for Throttling Folks in Their Sleep, and Another Supernatural Caller With a Red Gash about a Snowy Throat.

Miss Anna Dickinson, while not a professed Spiritualist, is reported to have faith in the existence of spirits and their manifestations. Her belief, says a correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, is based principally on two incidents, the last of which occurred only a year ago. About that time the gentle Anna returned to New York after her annual peregrinations, and rented a pleasant suit of apartments on Fifteenth street, near Broadway, where, with her maid, she was soon cozily installed. The house in itself was pleasant, in a good location, and, as Miss Dickinson thought, surprisingly cheap. When rents are unexpectedly low, it is safe to surmise that there is an American citizen of African descent in the pickets somewhere, but the penetration of Miss Dickinson failed to discover him for some little time.

Finally one evening, as she sat in the front parlor writing, and the maid sewing, they heard some one come up the stairs, walk through the hall, and pause in front of the door. Both listened for a rap, but none came. At last the mistress bid the maid open the door, which she did, but no one was there, and

ASTONISHMENT ENSUED.

The next evening the same experience was repeated between the hours of eleven and twelve, and after that it became a regular thing. Several times the invisible presence seemed to enter, but nothing could be seen, and no mournful whispers were heard.

One night Miss Dickinson woke up suddenly, feeling hands busy at her throat, and screamed aloud, thinking she was being choked to death. Springing wildly up, she turned on the gas and saw—nothing; tried the doors and found them locked. Thinking it was a nightmare she dismissed the matter from her mind, but in the end it proved to be only the first of a series of mysterious visitations, and at last Miss Dickinson gave up the room, which was a back parlor, and slept on a sofa in the front room, which opened out of it. Wishing to leave town for a few weeks, but being unwilling to give up the apartments until her plans for the season were settled, the lady left her maid to take care of them. The second night after her departure, Mollie, a sensible and intelligent girl, made a little fire in the grate of the front room, as the weather had become suddenly chilly. After locking the doors she retired early to sleep in the bed in the back parlor, leaving the doors between wide open on account of the warmth from the fire. She soon fell asleep, she says, and knew nothing more until she awoke suddenly in the night with the

FEELING THAT SOME ONE WAS IN THE ROOM.

She looked into the front parlor, and, to her horror, saw crouched over the coals the figure of a young woman dressed in black, with long, black hair. The face was turned from her. Mollie's first thought was that she had not locked the doors, and that some one in the house knowing she had a fire had stolen in to get warm. However, she crept softly to the doors; they were both, to her terror, locked as she had left them; she glanced hurriedly at the figure in black which, while she looked, slowly turned a white, peaked face, with brilliant eyes, and a desperate look, upon her; Mollie sank to the floor in a faint, and when she came to the unearthly visitant had vanished. In the morning Mollie telegraphed to her mistress that she could not stay in the house at any price, and must leave, which she did. For some time Miss Dickinson could find no explanation of this phenomenon; but one day, visiting her modiste, who lived in the same block, she asked if there was anything known of the former occupants of the house, and in response was told that it was known as the haunted house, and was very difficult to rent. The story ran that a few years ago it was rented by a Frenchman and his wife, to whom he was very cruel, and, though they had been married but a short time, he would at times

SHOW HER PERSONAL VIOLENCE.

She was a proud, high-spirited woman, and his blows maddened her. At last, after a terrible scene, during which he pulled her hair out by the handful, she waited until he fell asleep, stupid with liquor, when she knelt upon his chest and with her white fingers choked him to death. She then suddenly disappeared, and, it is supposed, committed suicide, and ever afterward her uneasy spirit had visited the scene of violence and crime.

Another story is known as "Anna Dickinson's pet ghost story," and has become in its way quite famous. She first related it at the home of the Carey sisters ten years ago, and among her audience were Horace Greeley, Charles Sumner and Robert Dale Owen, who was so impressed that he took the story down as it fell from her lips. I have it from a gentleman who has heard her repeat it not less than six different times, and, as near as can be remembered, it runs as follows:

Many years ago before Miss Dickinson dreamed of public life, she was working in the Philadelphia Mint, and while there struck up a warm friendship with a fellow laborer. Miss Debby was considered rather uncommon for her sound sense, orthodox principles (she was Methodist) and austere behavior. One morning Miss Debby entered with an unusually bright face, and exclaimed to her confidante; "O, Anna, I have found a new boarding place, and you cannot imagine what I have to pay!"

Anna guessed \$5, \$3, \$4, \$3. "Yes," cried Debby, "only \$3, and a large pleasant room, though it is on the third story."

"How in the world did you get it at that price?"

"Because I am not a goose, and when the landlady said it was haunted and no one else would take it

"I JUMPED AT THE CHANCE."

Indeed I would like to see the ghost that would stop me from saving \$3 a week.

On a certain day Anna asked what sort of a place

the new boarding-house was in other respects "Very nice," said Debby, "there is the usual assortment of people, all of a good class and several young men. I think two of the last have their room over mine, and that is my only objection to staying there; for they come in so late every night, and make such a noise in their room, that it wakes me out of the soundest sleep."

From time to time Debby complained of these festive youths, and finally by Anna's advice, she spoke to the landlady. "My dear child, come with me," said the old lady, and passing up the stairs she showed the astounded girl that there was nothing over her room, but an unoccupied attic. "The noises you hear," continued the landlady, "are only audible in your room. The cause has never been found out; but no one would occupy it on the account."

All this Debby told Anna the next morning, adding: "You know I don't believe in any humbug of the sort. I am going to ferret this thing out, for some one is at the bottom of it, you may depend."

After this Debby soon learned to wake up about the time to expect the mysterious noises, and would listen attentively, hoping to distinguish and classify the different sounds. She soon found that they began between

ONE AND TWO O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING.

First steps, cautious and rather heavy, as if the person were afraid of stumbling, came up the stairs, passed the door, seemed to hesitate there a moment, and then proceeded up the next flight and into the attic overhead; here they were heard in rapid succession as if a person were walking up and down in mental distress; then followed by a peculiar scraping noise, a long silence, and finally a heavy thud, as if some one had fallen to the ground, a few short moans and utter silence.

Debby made up her mind, dead or alive to see this mysterious visitant, and the next night when it came one o'clock, with light and Bible in hand, she walked into the attic, explored it thoroughly, and then, seating herself began to read. At last she heard the steps come slowly up. She sat looking and listening intently. Soon they entered the room, but she saw nothing; they paced back and forth before her rapidly, and then there followed the same mysterious sounds, the scraping, the silence, the thud and the moans, seemingly close to her. Debby was convinced there was something unusual about the occurrence, but remained determined to fight it out, and, consequently, she got up every night a little before one o'clock, dressed herself, lit a candle, which she placed in the center of a table, which she drew up to, and with her Bible before her set there and read until the steps came, passed the door, ascended the stairs, the noises followed.

AND SHE SAW NOTHING.

This happened for three successive nights. The fourth, as the steps were heard, Debby, who had her door wide open, stepped into the doorway and said, in a clear, low voice: "If there are spirits and you are one of them, doomed to return because of trouble or crime to this world, speak, and tell me if I can do anything to comfort or relieve you, that you may rest in peace." A long sigh answered her; the steps passed slowly by and up as usual.

Night after night Debby went through the performance, and the spirit seemed more inclined to enter. Finally Debby felt that something did come into the room and sat itself on a chair on the opposite side of the table. Without looking up, Debby read the Sermon on the Mount through. The next night the same thing happened, only that she did look up and saw nothing. The third night she looked up without thinking, and saw in the chair opposite a woman scarcely out of her girlhood, with a white, wasted face, sunken piteous eyes, and a terrible

GASH ROUND HER SNOWY THROAT.

Recovering from her shock, Debby read on about the forgiveness of sin, and when she finished the figure had vanished.

After this it came so frequently that Debby lost all awe, and would talk to it as though to a living being. Finally it seemed to her so plain and life-like that she suddenly rose went to the chair and set down in it, expecting to encounter resistance. There was none, but turning her head she encountered the eyes of the figure, which still obtained its place.

For several weeks this sort of thing went on, the expression of the spirit's face becoming more calm and peaceful, until one night, instead of coming into the room, it stopped at the door, waved its hand in farewell, and with a sad but peculiarly sweet smile vanished. From that time the sounds ceased, the troubled spirit seemed at rest, and no more was heard of the ghost—and the rent went up.)

## A Saratoga Sensation.

SARATOGA, N. Y., August 13.—Some little excitement has been created here to-day by a slight cowering affair which took place at the Hathorn Springs this forenoon. A Mr. Woodworth Barnwell, of Savannah, Ga., who fancied that Mr. Frank A. Hathorn had insulted his wife, went to the business office of the Hathorn Springs, and with but little explanation as to the cause of the trouble, struck Hathorn across the face with a cowhide. Young Hathorn says that he knows nothing of the supposed insult; that he does not remember to have seen the lady. His reputation here certainly confirms this statement. Barnwell has been arrested under a writ from the supreme court, and has given bail in \$1,000.

## Suspected of a Cold-Blooded Murder.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 13.—Yesterday morning the dead body of James Mentzell, who had been missing a week, was found buried near Motter's Station in Frederick county with a gunshot wound in the back of the head. On the 4th, Mentzell and Felix Moonshower left Emmitsburg, Md., on a gunning expedition. After a day's absence Moonshower returned without Mentzell. On inquiry he said he left him at Motter's Station, but did not know where he was. The next day Moonshower was seen with considerable money, and was arrested on suspicion, but as nothing could be proved against him he was released. When Mentzell left Moonshower he had \$300, which is missing. Moonshower has been arrested.





A THRILLING SOCIETY DRAMA OFF THE STAGE—THE UNPLEASANT ENCOUNTER BETWEEN A WEALTHY RESIDENT OF JERSEY CITY, ACCOMPANIED BY A FEMALE COMPANION, AND HIS JEALOUS WIFE EQUIPPED WITH A RIDING WHIP, IN VAN VORST PARK.—SEE PAGE 12.



RUFFIANLY PERFORMANCE ON A STEAMBOAT—NARROW ESCAPE FROM DEATH OF OFFICER TERWILLIGER WHILE ARRESTING ONE OF A PARTY OF THREE ROUGHS WHO HAD BOARDED THE STEAMER COLUMBIA AND MADE A DARING ATTEMPT AT ROBBERY; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 12.



DOMESTIC TROUBLES OF THE QUEEN OF THE FAIRIES—ALLEGED SCENES IN THE "ENCHANTED REALM" OF "STALACTA" OTHERWISE MISS BELLE HOWITT, LATE OF THE "BLACK CROOK," AND HER CONSEQUENT RECOURSE TO THE JUSTICE OF MORTALS; NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 10.





HOW HE SAVED HIS BACON—A. A. PUGH, A PROMINENT LAWYER OF GLASGOW, MO., IS ATTACKED ON THE STREET BY CARPENTER BANNER, RE-ENFORCED BY BLACKSMITH NIVERT, AND THE TWO ARE ABOUT TO MAKE A MURDEROUS ASSAULT UPON HIM WITH CLUBS, WHEN MRS. STEELE RUSHES TO HIS RESCUE, PLACES A PISTOL IN HIS HANDS AND THUS RAISES THE SIEGE.—See Page 12



FIENDISH ATROCITY OF SIOUX DEVILS—ALEXANDER WORK, A MONTANA SETTLER, ON BEING ATTACKED BY INDIANS, MAKES A DESPERATE RESISTANCE BUT IS OVERPOWERED, AFTER KILLING THREE OF THE RED-SKINNED BRUTES, TIED TO A STAKE AND ROASTED TO DEATH; NEAR FORT PECK, M. T.—See Page 12.



## CURRENT CRIME.

Weekly Calendar of Conspicuous Offenses  
Against Person and  
Property.

## MURDER'S UGLY RECORD.

More Mollie Maguire Murderers Billed for a  
Tight-rope Performance—A Bad but  
Desperately Gritty Pair.

## THE TEXAN KILLING CRAZE.

## MURDERED BY HER PARAMOUR.

NEW ORLEANS, La., August 8.—Mrs. Brown, alias Riley, was shot in the head and killed to-night in an oyster saloon by Police Officer Tom Clarke, her paramour. Both were under the influence of liquor. Clarke escaped.

## GOT THEIR DESERTS.

ST. LOUIS, August 10.—Several white men and boys went to a negro ball at California, Mo., last night and created a disturbance, during which Louis Myrick was shot and killed by a negro named Maupin. Two or three others were wounded.

## MURDER IN A BROTHEL.

ST. LOUIS, August 10.—In a quarrel at a low bagnio on the outskirts of Warrenburg, Mo., on Friday night, John Duncan had his skull mashed and died yesterday morning. Dan Beavis and George Anderson have been arrested on suspicion of having committed the deed.

## A WIFE-BUTCHER CAUGHT.

DOVER, N. J., August 11.—Charles Webbe, of Phillipsburg, a German, attempted to murder his wife, shooting her once in the head and once in the body, on the 14th ult., and escaped. This morning he applied for work at the depot here and was arrested. Mrs. Webber is still living and may recover.

## A WITNESS IN TROUBLE.

HARRISBURG, Pa., August 8.—Casper W. Nye, one of the principal witnesses in the Baber murder trial at Lebanon, has been arrested on suspicion of having beaten to death Cyrus Craig, a colored man, who was found dead a short distance from Dauphin, Pa., on July 26th last. Nye was committed for a further hearing.

## KILLED FOR PEACE-MAKING.

THOY, N. Y., August 11.—To-night as Frank Brennan, a teamster, twenty-one years old, was walking along the street met a party engaged in a row. While trying to quiet the disturbance, an Englishman named James Garrett, stabbed him in the groin with a chisel, severing the main artery. Brennan died in fifteen minutes. He leaves a wife and two children, the youngest three weeks old. Garrett was arrested.

## TERRIBLE STREET TRAGEDY.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., August 12.—It was reported here to-day that a desperate street encounter occurred at Benton yesterday, between two men named Dudley and Owen. Dudley's sister, it is said, had advised against the introduction of a cousin to Owen, who called Dudley to an account about it. Dudley refused to make any explanation, when Owen drew a pistol and snapped it at Dudley, who in turn shot Owen four times, cut his throat and stamped on his head until he was dead.

## A TEXAN STREET DUEL.

SAN ANTONIO, Tex., August 8.—News reached the city to-day of a terrible fight at Helena, south of this place. Two young men named Cooper and Butler, who have been for a long time enemies, met. Cooper said, "Now I've got you," and shot Butler through the breast. Butler then drew his revolver and shot Cooper. Then Cooper gave Butler two more shots in the breast, and Butler, staggering toward Cooper, placed his pistol against his neck and fired. Both fell together and died almost instantly.

## THE BOLENDER MURDER.

The circumstances relating to the murder of Michael Bolender, foreman in Klason's candy factory, at Church and Dey streets, was inquired into on the 7th, by the grand jury. The deceased was stabbed and killed by an Italian named Francisco Polletto, alias Porcello. Several witnesses were examined, including a number of spectators who were present at the time the deed was committed. The grand jury ordered an indictment for murder in the first degree. It is not probable that the prisoner will be tried at the present term of the court.

## A NOVEL BIT OF POLICE BUSINESS.

BALTIMORE, Md., August 11.—Constable Koontz, of Carroll county, attempted to serve a warrant of arrest on Henry Evans, at Mount Airy, yesterday, on a trifling charge, when the latter resisted and defied the officer. The constable transferred the warrant to John W. Marr, a young man, promising to reward him if he captured Evans. Marr pursued his man, and upon coming up with him the latter drew a knife. Marr fired his pistol in the air and called upon Evans to surrender, and upon the latter again attempting to escape, Marr shot him in the back. Evans died in a few hours. Marr was jailed at Westminster to-day for the murder.

## A WOULD-BE AVENGER KILLED.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., August 12.—At the National Park, in this city, to-night, Jack Gleason, a contractor, was attacked with a knife by a machinist, named Kirker, who made a desperate attempt to kill him. Kirker's blade catching on the scabbard, which held it, Gleason escaped the thrust, receiving only a scratch. He then ran, pursued by Kirker. Gleason, turning suddenly, fired four times, the first shot missing and the next two taking effect, one in the heart and the other in the abdomen. Gleason surrendered himself to the authorities. The cause of the trouble is the seduction sometime ago, of a Miss Mills and the subsequent

refusal of Gleason to marry her. Kirker was a friend of her family.

## PENNSYLVANIA EXECUTIONS APPOINTED.

HARRISBURG, Pa., August 8.—Governor Hoyt to-day issued warrants for the execution of Peter McManus and John O'Neil, convicted in Northumberland county for the murder, in 1874, of Frederick Hessor, coroner of that county. Hessor had rendered himself obnoxious to the two Mollies, and while attending to his duties as watchman at a colliery the murderers assaulted him and beat portions of his body into a jelly. The Mollies were arrested in 1878. At the trial the principal testimony was given by Morgan Davis, a fellow miner, who had overheard a conversation between the men admitting their connection with the crime, and Dennis F. Canning, recently pardoned out of the penitentiary for services he had rendered the Commonwealth in the trial of the Mollies, and with the view of further using him in the trial of other murderers. The governor also issued a warrant for the execution of Andrew Tracy, a lawyer, of McKean county, who killed a woman who did not reciprocate his affections. The hangings will occur on October 9th.

## TERRIBLE FIGHT WITH DESPERADOES.

RALEIGH, N. C., August 11.—Near Burnt Chimney, Rutherford county, this state, a sheriff's posse succeeded a few days since in tracking Cauder Jenkins and John Jefferson, two noted desperadoes, to the house of a woman of bad repute. The two men seeing the crowd approach attempted to escape by leaping from the back windows of the house and hiding in a pine grove in the rear, but they were followed and surrounded. They backed up against two trees and warned the party to come on. Jenkins said: "We are good for two of you at the first pop, and if you come three feet nearer we fire." The sheriff's posse, thirteen in number, rushed on them. Both men fired simultaneously, and then a desperate hand-to-hand fight took place. At the first fire Jenkins's shot killed John Butler, one of the sheriff's party. Such was the desperate resistance of the men that each man in the sheriff's crowd, save one, was wounded. Only two of the posse were armed. The two fighters were finally overpowered and taken to the county jail. The indignation of the crowd at the court-house was great, and threats of lynching are heard everywhere.

## HORRIBLE WANTON MURDER.

ORANGE, Texas, August 9.—Information comes from Shelby county, away above here on the Sabine, of a terrible tragedy—the unprovoked murder of an inoffensive old negro man, named Charles Morris. It seems that Morris was sent to Logansport with an order for merchandise. Hitching his horse on the river bank the freedman got into a skiff and crossed the river. On the other side three men—David Tidwell, David Williamson and John Parker—all of Louisiana, who have been engaged in rafting cypress timber, met Morris and asked him if he was a radical. They then said if he was and ever voted the republican ticket they would kill him. A white man, named Price, from Texas, was a witness of these proceedings. Finally Parker pulled out a pistol and asked the negro if that was sufficient to kill him. Morris replied it was sufficient to kill any man. The three Louisianians then got into their boat, seized the rope of the negro's boat and towed him down the river to the Texas side, where they assassinated him in cold blood, and where his body was found, one half of it above water and a ghastly gash across the throat. The murderers have not been caught.

## DEVILISH DEED OF A DEMI-BLEACHED NIGGER.

NEW ORLEANS, August 9.—At half past five o'clock Friday afternoon, shortly after the Clyde-built propeller Heroine had touched the wharf at Mandeville, Louisiana, its captain, Joseph Boyle, who had just stepped ashore, was fired upon by an octoroon named Anatole Bosque, and so seriously wounded that he expired before his friends could carry him along the wharf to the town. Bosque, who wore a saque coat, carried his pistol in the right pocket, and fired through the garment, aiming low. Before he fell Captain Boyle drew his pistol and fired twice, wounding Bosque in two places. The story is that Bosque, who is a notorious ruffian, and was once the sheriff of St. Tammany Parish, was on the day previous very insulting to two ladies whom Captain Boyle was escorting from the Heroine to the hotel. The captain sharply reprimanded him, and Bosque drew a pistol to shoot him, but was prevented by bystanders. On Friday morning Bosque visited several bar-rooms, and, exhibiting his pistol, said that he intended to kill Captain Boyle as soon as the Heroine, which makes daily trips from New Orleans and Mandeville, landed. The occurrence created very great indignation in the city, Captain Boyle being an universal favorite, and this afternoon a large number of his friends left in the Heroine for Mandeville to wreak summary vengeance upon Bosque. They arrived at seven o'clock this evening, and Bosque will undoubtedly be taken out of jail and hanged to-night, but there being no telegraphic communications between here and Mandeville, it is impossible until to-morrow to learn particulars of the lynching.

## Troubles of The Queen of The Fairies.

[Subject of Illustration.]

During the long examination of the Brazilian forgers at Essex Market Court, on the 7th inst., a "veiled lady" occupied a prominent seat. It was soon whispered that the lady was Miss Belle Howitt, who played Stalacta, the Queen of the Fairies, in the "Black Crook," that had something of a run last season. Then she could call an army of Amazons to defend her; now she called upon Justice Smith for protection. As soon as the Justice was ready for business she appeared before him and made a complaint against her husband, Edward T. Williams of 174 East ninety-first street, who, she said, seized her by the throat, tried to choke her, beat her on the face and threw her down the stairs of her residence. When Williams was arraigned Justice Smith asked him if he had assaulted his wife.

"No, I am not guilty," he said, "and if you will

hear me, you will see there is nothing in it. I am not used to law, but I will give you an explanation."

"You will have an opportunity to explain at the trial. You are held in \$500 to answer."

His bonds not being present he was locked up. To a reporter he recently denied the charge imputing the whole trouble to "rum."

In explanation to the difficulty he made the following statement:

"On Tuesday night when I returned from the office I found my wife drunk and stretched out on the floor. I asked the servant what was the matter. She said she did not know. I refrained from saying anything to my wife, knowing her temper. I got supper, and proceeded to water the flowers and feed the birds. It was late by this time. My wife got up and began to say harsh things. I put on my things to go out, thinking that she would go to sleep. I proceeded down-stairs, and before I got to the outside door my wife came after me and asked for the key of the door. She would not let me go out, and I pushed her back into the hallway. She sat down upon the lower step and then I went out. I stayed until I thought she would be asleep. Next morning when I got up she would not let the servant set the table. A short time after this the servant brought something in a pitcher into the house. I asked what that was. She would not tell me, so I looked and found that it was a pint of milk punch. I left the house then and went to my business. At night, when I came home, my wife was drunk again. I asked the servant what had been the trouble to-day. She told me that 'the Missis' had been to the Harlem Court. This was on Wednesday. I afterwards found that my wife had applied to Justice Wheeler, at the Harlem Court, for a warrant for my arrest. She was so drunk that Justice Wheeler ordered her out. She would not go, and two officers had to use force to take her out. She is not aware that I know these facts. Her arms are all bruised now from her struggles with the officers. She then came down here and got me arrested. If I could have explained to the Court I would not be here. I cannot see how Justice Smith was so one-sided. I did not strike her at all, so that there could be any marks left. I had my ball in court, but there was so much excitement that he could not appear for me."

## A FULL HAND.

Singular Story of a Typographical "Masher" who Loved Not Wisely But Two—More or Less Well, and Succeeded in Persuading Not Only His Victim But Her Married Sister to Elope with Him and Start a Mormon Colony on a Small Scale.

CINCINNATI, O., Aug. 5.—The columns of the daily press frequently contain details of elopements, but in every case the man has run away with but one woman. This seems to be the accepted way of doing this thing and has the sanction of long usage. But *The Enquirer* this morning has a case to relate in which the hero has improved upon the old style and runs away with two women, one of them a wife. True, the women are sisters, but that makes it all more remarkable. The particulars of the affair, as gleaned from those intimately acquainted with all parties, are about as follows:

Yesterday morning Mr. George Tyson, an honest, industrious man, who for some time past has been employed at the marble-yard of Alfred White, on West Fifth street, went to work as usual, leaving his sister-in-law, named Miss Mollie Vincent, and a boarder named Budd Prather in his house, at 274 West Fourth street. Within an hour or two from the time of his departure of his daily toll he was almost paralyzed with consternation by being informed by another boarder in his house that his furniture had been removed, and that the women had left for parts unknown, in company with Budd Prather. Tyson was stunned he could not understand why this cruel blow had been aimed at him, nor why his wife, whom he had always fondly cherished, should have

## DONE THIS INFAMOUS THING.

He accompanied his informant from the marble-yard to his now desolate home, and found that the story was but too true. All his household effects were gone, and not a soul was to be seen in the house.

Budd Prather, who has taken upon himself the unenviable task of taking care of two women, when for the past six weeks he has found it difficult to rake up money sufficient to keep him in tobacco, is about twenty-five years of age. Mrs. Tyson is forty, and her sister a little over half that. Neither woman is handsome, the latter being decidedly plain-featured. Mrs. Tyson has some pretensions to a comely shape, and when "dressed up" is rather stylish-looking; but the younger Miss Vincent is anything but attractive in mind or person. This delectable scamp Prather is a printer, and for a number of years he has held a case in the composing room of *The Commercial* office. He is rather good looking, and is noted for the brilliancy of his complexion, and his eyes are remarkably bright. These physical advantages, it is said by those who have worked with him, are due to his habits of taking small doses of arsenic at regular intervals. He wears a sandy mustache but no whiskers, dresses well, and is of good figure, carriage and address. His hair is red. Prather has the reputation of being somewhat of a "masher." His latest escapade tends to show that the equivocal appellation is

## NOT MISAPPLIED.

Last October Mrs. Tyson and her sister, Miss Mollie Vincent, rented the house of 274 West Fifth street, and furnished it quite handsomely with money given to them by their mother, a widow living in Portsmouth, O., whose last husband's name was Ahman. He was wealthy, and at his death left his wife a magnificent farm of several hundred acres. The family at 274 seemed to prosper; Mr. Tyson was regularly employed at the marble-yard, and a revenue was derived from the renting of the surplus rooms in the house to lodgers. Among the number who applied for board and lodging soon after the Tyson home was established was the blonde bummer from *The Commercial* news-room—the exquisite Prather. This was

about six months ago. Prather was received into the little family and made himself decidedly agreeable. Soon began paying marked attention to Miss Vincent. His advances were kindly received, and in less than two weeks an excellent understanding existed between the young couple. During the summer Prather would frequently escort his inamorata to the hill-tops and other places of amusement, and the fact the pair were regarded as lovers. But this blissful state of affairs

## COULD NOT LAST FOREVER.

One day, about six weeks ago, Prather was informed that his services as a printer on *The Commercial* were no longer required. He quit. Since that time he has been idle. In the meantime he was eating three square meals a day, furnished by Mr. Tyson and his wife, but not a cent did he pay for his accommodations. Finally Tyson grew weary of this state of affairs; so, too, did Mrs. Tyson, apparently, but with true womanly devotion Miss Vincent stuck to der impetuous Budd, and interceded in his behalf. So successful were her pleadings that her young man with the fine eyes and brilliant complexion should not be kicked into the street, that the hearts of the Tysons were melted, and the luckless lover continued to stick his legs under the family mahogany three times a day.

For the past two days, according to those who during all this time were on terms of intimacy with the family, there seemed to be an air of mystery hanging over the household. The women (Mrs. Tyson and Miss Vincent) wore an abstracted air, and seemed to be laboring under an acute

## ATTACK OF ABSENT-MINDEDNESS.

For instance, when a boarder would request his coffee-cup to be replenished, like as not he would be startled by receiving hash. Prather, too, shared this uncomfortable feeling and appeared ill at ease. Their plans were being perfected. They were preparing for the great denouement that was destined to wreck a once happy home and send three people adrift upon a scandal-loving world. The denouement was brought about by a remarkable confession made by Miss Vincent to her sisters, Mrs. Tyson and another sister, who, with her husband, also a printer, were at this time boarding with them. The confession was to the effect that Prather had robbed Miss Mollie of her virtue, and that the guilty passions were about to result in an exposure. Not only this, but a still more terrible accusation was brought against the truthful, honest and unsuspecting Tyson himself. That accusation was to the effect that while Mr. Tyson and his wife were living in Charlotte, Mich., several years ago, Mollie made a visit to their home, and one night while Mrs. Tyson was absent a rape had been committed upon her (Mollie) by Tyson. The girl was then but twelve years old. The startling revelation was a keen blow at the domestic happiness of the Tysons, and

## ALL WAS CONSTERNATION.

This story (and by the way the relatives of Mrs. Tyson regard it as altogether unworthy of belief, and a damnable scheme against the husband) was told by Miss Vincent last Wednesday. From that moment the plot begins to thicken, and arrangements were begun for the grand crash that came yesterday. In the meantime negotiations were placed on foot by the women with a dealer in second-hand goods, the result of which was that he was to allow them \$40 for the furniture. Yesterday, as has been said, he paid the money took the furniture away, and the three conspirators left the house and boarded the eight o'clock train at the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad. As to their destination nothing definitive is known. A clew, perhaps, is afforded by the remark made by one of them, and which was overheard by one of the boarders, in which the city of Dunkirk, N. Y., figured.

Yesterday, when in response to the summons of the young man who visited the marble-yard to inform him of the

## TERRIBLE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

Tyson went home. He found lying upon the bureau in his room a note from his recreant wife, which read as follows:

"GEORGE TYSON: I am going to leave you forever. There is no use to attempt our capture, as our destination will remain concealed. I leave you because of the rape you committed upon Mollie."

Up to this time the wretched husband did not know of the horrible accusation made against him by his sister-in-law, and he could not understand it. Then he was informed of the details by a member of the household, who had learned of it through the other sister. His feelings can better be imagined than described. Those who know Tyson and all the rest engaged in this disreputable affair are firm in the conviction that the charge is absolutely false, and that the plot was concocted in order to furnish an excuse for Mrs. Tyson's abandonment of a

## DEVOTED AND HONORABLE HUSBAND.

They also say that without doubt a criminal intimacy has existed for some months between not only Prather and Miss Vincent, but Prather and Mrs. Tyson. Yesterday evening Tyson left the city for Plymouth, O., where he expects to raise money sufficient to enable him to redeem his household effects. Tyson, his wife and Miss Vincent are all well known in Plymouth, where the two former were married to each other. The third sister, who is the happy wife of a good husband (whose name is withheld for obvious reasons), was also married there, where at the time the husband lived with his parents.

Such are the plain, unvarnished facts of one of the most remarkable cases of woman's weakness and man's perfidy on record, and which will cause the blush of shame to mantle the cheek of several worthy families.

## Major Pugh's Assassins.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 8.—Smith and Hall, the murderers of Major Pugh, at Murfreesboro, some time ago, having appealed to the December term of the supreme court, were not hanged at that place to-day, as sentenced by the lower court. They are in the Murfreesboro jail, where they will remain until a final hearing before the supreme court.



## THE MYSTIC MYSTERY.

How a Quiet Little Connecticut Village was Puzzled for Years by a Series of Unaccountable Robberies.

## DETECTIVES PARALYZED

By the Utter Want of a Clue to the Ingeniously Concealed Crimes which is Finally Revealed at a Funeral.

## AN ASTOUNDING LOCAL SENSATION.

The town of Mystic, Conn., has been greatly disturbed during the past four years by a series of mysterious robberies and burglaries to which the officials in spite of the utmost exertions have been utterly baffled in finding a clue until one was revealed in a most singular manner at a funeral a few days since, as already noted in the GAZETTE. Even a sharp detective from Hartford, whose services had been called into requisition in the matter was unable to render the slightest assistance to the rural officers. Every night, so it would appear, that the people of Mystic went to bed, it was with a feeling that when they awoke it would be to learn that some new burglary had been committed. The burglar, whoever he was, seemed to know just where the young men of the village who were watching for him would be on such nights as they agreed to watch, and thus would be able to consummate a robbery a mile or so from the place where the young men were. Nobody ever saw him, or any signs of him, at night. They thought that the work must be that of some skillful thieves of New York, but could not reconcile that with the fact that the burglars knew just how to enter houses, and

## JUST WHAT HOUSE TO ENTER.

They finally figured it down that somebody in the village was acting the part of informer, and that the most light-fingered of thieves was doing the work.

The thief or thieves confined themselves almost entirely to the summer residences of the wealthy New York gentlemen, there being many such in Mystic. They took not only valuable plate and such pieces of household furniture as might readily be converted into cash, but also seemed to have a fondness for bric-a-brac and articles of adornment, which have little intrinsic value. It was certain that the thieves took fancy to soap every time they could find it, and such toilet utensils as hair-brushes, tooth-brushes and towels were never passed by. China vases, groups of statuary, books and candelabra were always taken away, and from a number of houses choice China-ware, table forks and knives were removed.

## THERE WERE ROBBERIES THAT

## SADLY PUZZLED THE DETECTIVES.

Nobody ever knew of anything being taken out of town mysteriously. Nobody ever saw any strange men with unaccountable business there, and it is a place where every stranger's arrival and business are speedily likely to be known.

Twenty-five or thirty houses were thus despoiled within five years, principally in the winter months. Two of them were burned to the ground, evidently to conceal the burglaries.

The burglars have now, it is alleged, been discovered, and one of them is under arrest, while the other fled—to Canada, it is supposed—and the discovery of the burglars has caused far more excitement in Mystic than did their felonies, for the two men were active business citizens, with good reputations, and both members of high standing in the Baptist Church.

## A FUNERAL FURNISHED THE CLUE.

Mrs. Josephine Tift died last February. She had lived since her husband's death with a bachelor son, Daniel, a bald-headed and gentle-appearing man of forty. Mrs. Tift's funeral services were held at her home, in a settlement a mile or so north of Mystic village, and known as the upper settlement.

While the clergyman was conducting the services, Mrs. Brown of Naonk—another settlement some three miles away—as she now says, could not fix her mind on the remarks, because her mind rested, the minute she entered the parlor, upon a very peculiar French clock that ticked on the mantel, and especially upon a quaint shell basket of such shape and make that, having seen it once, you were sure never to forget it. Mrs. Brown at first sight thought the clock greatly resembled one that she had seen in a certain house in Naonk, which had been entered by the burglars. Then, as her eyes fell on the shell basket, they were opened. There could be no mistake about that. It was, beyond question, the basket that the

## BURGLARS HAD TAKEN FROM THAT HOUSE.

Then casting her eyes again around the room, the lady discovered a case of wax-flowers, conspicuously displayed, and this she knew was the case that had been stolen from Mrs. Warren Packer of Naonk about a year before.

Mrs. Brown was greatly puzzled. She could not conceive how these things could have got into Mr. Tift's house. Him she did not once suspect. He was energetic in church, was fond of paintings and music, was effeminate and gentle in his manner, and had been brought up among the people, so that they thought they knew his daily life.

She spoke after the funeral, however, of what she had seen, and little by little the rumor spread that some of the missing articles were in Mr. Tift's house. It took the gossip more than six months, however, to come to any head. Meanwhile Mr. Tift lived in the enjoyment. He was social, and invited his friends to dine with him. Bottles of choice wine were opened. He entertained them with music, for he played upon an elegant piano. His guest trod upon the softest of carpets, which he said he had bought at auction at a very low figure. They saw beautiful paintings on the walls, and confessed that Mr. Tift

## HAD AN ARTISTIC EYE.

They ate from delicate China plates, with rich spoons and delicately made knives and forks.

One person, however, all this while mistrusted Tift. He had formerly lived in a part of her house, and she complained that she could never leave a mince pie or other delicacy in her pantry over night, because it was certain to be missing by morning, and she was confident that Tift helped himself, as she had seen him delving from her wood pile. Nobody else in Mystic, however, had other than a good opinion of Mr. Tift.

The rumor that some of the stolen articles were in his house became so well defined, however, that on Thursday, 31st ult., a gentleman went there to make an examination. Mr. Tift received him with great courtesy.

"Daniel," said the gentleman at length, "where did you get that clock? That is one that was stolen from Mr. Rathbun's house in Naonk."

"Is it? You don't tell me. Why I had a chance to buy that and got it cheap."

"And that vase. That belongs to Mrs. Packer."

"You don't mean it. I bought that at the same time."

"There's that case of wax flowers. That's Mrs. Packer's, too."

"This is very remarkable," said Mr. Tift. "Perhaps there is something else here," waving his hand toward various articles in the room; "these vases, that bit of statuary, that sofa, I bought them all of the

## SAME PERSON AND AT A BARGAIN.

If you are certain they belong to any one, take them and deliver them up, and I will see that the scoundrel, if he can't explain, is punished."

"Whom did you get them of, Daniel?" the gentleman asked.

"Why, of Bill Cheesebro of Naonk."

Mr. Cheesebro's reputation, while not hitherto bad, was not good enough to prevent his becoming instantly an object of suspicion, and it was agreed that steps should be at once taken to secure his arrest. Mr. Tift promising to appear as a witness against him. Mr. Cheesebro was arrested the next day, but when Mr. Tift was sent for nobody could find him. In the dead of night he went away and a day or two after there came word that he was seen making evidently, via Vermont Central Railroad's branch to New London, for Canada. He left his house open to an examination, which was speedily made. On the following Saturday many of the people who had been

## ROBBED CALLED THERE.

Mrs. C. H. Mallory saw, the moment she opened the door, her beautiful vases on Tift's parlor mantel, and also recognized some candelabra and toilet articles. Mrs. H. W. Brooks found her marble-top table in Tift's parlor, her mirror on the walls, and her carpet on the floor of one of the rooms. On the floor of another room, Mrs. Albert Haley found her Brussels carpet, some chairs, and also some housekeeping articles that belonged to her. Mr. Chipman discovered a chest of tea that he recognized as one of a number that had been stolen from him, and also some dress goods; and Mr. Bugby also discovered some curtains and fancy dry-goods that were taken from his store. Mr. George Greenman recognized some forks, spoons, and plates as his, and almost every article in the house was recognized by people whose houses had been robbed. Cheesebro's house was searched with similar results, excepting that he did not seem to make daily use as Tift did of the articles stolen. On the parlor floor of Tift's house there still remains an elegant velvet carpet, said by good judges to be worth \$3.50 a yard, which has not been identified. In all, articles have been recognized that must have been the result of

## FIFTEEN DIFFERENT BURGLARIES.

It is thought that Tift and Cheesebro after robbing a house, made an equal division of the property, and then took the articles to their homes by rowboat, as they both lived near the water, although about four miles apart. This would account for the fact that no one ever saw them going through the streets with their booty at night. Tift is now remembered to have had Dick Turpin's idea that the rich had no right to more than an equal share of property, and to have frequently said that if he had his way all property would be divided. It is thought that they have sent away much property to New York, where it has been turned into cash.

The most remarkable feature of it all is that all the while these robberies were being committed, and while Tift was decorating his house with them, he and his mother were visited by their neighbors, who must have seen the articles many times in the houses whence they were stolen, but not until Mrs. Brown recognized them at the funeral were they ever, so far as known, identified. Detectives are now looking for Tift, while Cheesebro, between whom and Tift there has long been great intimacy, now languishes in the New England jail.

## A BORDER BRIGAND.

Romance of the Life and Career of "Doc" Middleton, Known as the "Man With the Golden Tooth," the Leader of One of the most Noted Gangs of Western Desperadoes and Cattle Thieves, and Long the Terror of the Niobrara Country.

While at Lincoln, Neb., about five weeks ago, the writer of this article says the Iowa City, Iowa, Journal, met W. H. E. Llewellyn, the detective, who was the leader in the fight with Middleton on July 20th. Mr. Llewellyn was formerly deputy city marshal of Omaha, a cool, resolute young man, who was, when we saw him at Lincoln, in a conference with the Nebraska state authorities relative to this very expedition, which has proved only partially successful. In our reportorial capacity we learned some of Llewellyn's purposes under the pledge of secrecy until the denouncement should occur. There has been much speculation and many stories as to who and what is

Doc Middleton. And the story of his life and career, as we have learned it will no doubt be interesting to the general reader. His real name is Jack Riley. He is a native of Texas, where his father was hanged about three years ago for murder. Doc, as he is now called, is about thirty-two years of age. He was never regarded as a bad man in Texas, and we do not believe that he is possessed now of any of the nature of the cold-blooded murderer. Around him hangs such an air of romance as to stamp him as one of the most interesting desperadoes the Western country has produced. The "Bandit of the Niobrara," or the "MAN WITH THE GOLDEN TOOTH."

As he is the owner of these titles, is not an educated man, but is possessed of good understanding and an air of command that makes him a king among the men by whom he is surrounded. His word is law with them and they swear by him. He is fine looking, nearly six feet high, well proportioned form, a hazel eye, dark hair grown long, a dark mustache, and a quick, decisive expression in every movement. He pays great attention to his personal appearance, wears a fine riding-coat, neat top-boots and a brigandish hat, in order to fill out his novelistic appearance. He has a good countenance, and fine, white teeth, which he shows continually. One of his front teeth, however, has been broken off half way down and built up even with the others with gold, and is the first thing a person will notice in talking with him. This has given him the sobriquet of "The Man with the Golden Tooth." He is a perfect horseman and carries two heavy navy revolvers in his belt, with which he is a dead shot, and uncomfortable quick in handling. Llewellyn fixed his estimate of him when he said he feared neither

## "GOD, MAN OR DEVIL."

The circumstances which induced Middleton to enter upon his present career are such as excite great sympathy toward him, and were correctly stated in the main by Johnson in his communication to the Press. He came from Texas over the cattle trail in May, 1877. At a saloon or dance-house in Sidney he was repeatedly insulted by a bullying sergeant, a member of a United States company stationed there. The sergeant was determined to pick a quarrel with Middleton who was a stranger, and anxious not to have any trouble. At last the sergeant knocked him down without provocation or warning and several other attacked him, kicking and beating him. He got upon his feet and out of the door, the big sergeant following and striking at him. In self-defense Middleton drew a revolver and fired, killing the sergeant. In the excitement that ensued Middleton got on his horse and started for the open prairie. There he fell in with other fugitives from justice, and gradually assumed the life of a

## BRIGAND AND CATTLE-STEALER.

He has operated mainly in the unorganized territory west of Holt county. He makes raids upon the Indian reservations and the great cattle ranges in the Northern part of Nebraska, with an occasional visit to the west and north into adjoining territories. Naturally fugitives from justice congregated about him until it is estimated that he now has more than one hundred and fifty men in his band. These are scattered all over the territory above mentioned, with a few stationed under guise of other employment, or supposed to be, down through Southern Nebraska and into Kansas for the purpose of aiding in running off stolen horses. The killing of the sergeant at Sidney by Middleton was not regarded as a great crime, as it appeared from the above story, which is the true one, that the deed was done in self-defense. But had Middleton surrendered himself then and there, it is doubtful if the legally constituted authorities could have protected him from the

## WRATH OF THE SOLDIERS.

Since that time, though he has not been accused of downright murder, he has well earned the reputation of a bandit and a stock-thief.

But in Holt county and the adjoining country he has never allowed his men to commit any depredations. In fact, when Indians and white men not connected with his band robbed people of that district, he has played the part of detective and has tracked, captured and returned to their owners the animals thus stolen. These acts have gained for him the good will of a majority of the people of that section. Others are intimidated, by his popularity and his power, into giving acquiescence to his proceedings. He has been wont to come and go nearly as he pleased in Holt county, always heavily armed, well mounted and on his guard, but never molested. He is well known to many of the people in Holt county, and his courteous manner and his dashing air have helped to strengthen the tolerance of the people, and even

## GIVING THEM A LIKING FOR HIM.

He has occasionally been seen in Cedar and Knox counties, and has passed upon his way without danger. The feeling he has inspired regarding him is shown in a recent article in the Holt county Record, published at O'Neill City. The editor spoke of him very familiarly as "Doc," and says that it is probable Doc will give the "anide detectives" a benefit for troubling him in that country. It is evident that either the editor has a certain amount of good feeling for the bandit, or he stands in such mortal dread of him that he dare not denounce him as a robber and desperado. We can well believe from these facts, also, the reports that a large number of men, most of them citizens of that part of the country, have rallied to Doc's defense from any future attack that the detectives and soldiers may attempt.

A story is told which evidences that the robber chieftain is

## NOT THOROUGHLY BLACK OF HEART.

We get it from good authority and have reason to believe that it is true in detail. In the western part of Holt county there lives a family named Richards, who have a daughter now about twenty years of age. This girl has seen Middleton a number of times as he rode through that part of the county and stopped at her father's house for dinner or for a drink of water, or as was sometimes his wont, for a friendly chat. The girl fell in love with the freebooter. To her eyes he was all that was noble and good. She believed that

he had been wronged, and was unjustly driven outside the pale of civilization. His dashing appearance, his splendid physique and his fine horsemanship captivated her. It was a case of utter goneness, and before Middleton had ever told her he had any interest at all in her she told a party that this would be a howling wilderness, a desert drear to her, if she was compelled to pass it away from him. It is said that she intimated that she did not suppose Middleton was a marrying man, but that

## DID NOT ALTER THE CASE.

Her declaration was reported to Middleton, and his lieutenants, with jokes and winks, advised him to ruin the girl—to take advantage of her affections, play with her, and leave her when she failed to please his fancy. When this was said to him, Middleton remained buried in thought for some time, and then said with energy, "Boys, I have done a good many bad things in my life, but I am not as bad as people think me to be. I am convinced from what you say that the girl is 'gone on me,' and she is a nice little girl. D—n me, if I don't believe I'm in love with her. At any rate, boys, I shall not be the man to ruin her, and if she wants to marry the captain of as fine a gang of rascals as you are, why, I'll marry her." An interview with the girl followed and a marriage was speedily arranged.

The old folks demurred somewhat, but Middleton and the girl were running the business and told the old people as much, and

## THEY WERE OBLIGED TO CONSENT.

Middleton went to O'Neill City, procured a license, and was duly married to the maiden under the name of Jack Lyon. She imagines herself to be in heaven, and worships her bandit husband, while he is represented as being as gallant and devoted husband as can be found anywhere. The lady is pretty and not devoid of education. She is a fine equestrienne, and since their marriage—three or four months ago—she has been seen riding through the country with her husband. Whatever crimes Middleton may be guilty of, his action toward this girl relieves much that may blacken his character.

Although Middleton has such a gentlemanly and even romantic bearing as we have described, he has in his band a lot of

## THE WORST SCOUNDRELS YET UNHUNG.

One of the chief of these is Jack Nolan, who escaped from the jail at Kearney, where he was awaiting his trial for a fiendish murder more than a year ago. Other out-throats and desperadoes from Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado and Texas having been compelled to fly on account of crimes committed by them, very naturally sought refuge in the ranks of Middleton's followers. Sheriff Gillen and Barney Armstrong, two of worst men concerned in the lynching of Ketchum and Mitchell in Custer county last October, and who broke jail at Plum Creek a few weeks ago, are said to have cast their fortunes with this robber band. Of this nothing definite is positively known, of course, and we are inclined to doubt the truth of the report. There is no doubt that many of the crimes charged against Middleton and his men were committed by other parties entirely; while it is possible that crimes for which innocent men have been punished in Nebraska were the

## WORK OF MEN BELONGING TO THE GANG.

We know of no case of deliberate murder in which these men have been engaged, but they are robbers, and the hand of the law is against them. It is only safe to say, therefore, that they are ready to defend themselves and to take life in making such defense. And yet, with all the general charges made against Middleton, there are very few well-defined crimes laid positively at his door.

Of course the detective did not "give himself away" in our interview with him at Lincoln, but from what he said we were led to believe that Llewellyn was acting under orders from United States Marshal Daily, of Nebraska, and was probably also backed by the Nebraska state authorities. Llewellyn had been up in the Niobrara country for some weeks prior to the visit to Lincoln at the time when we saw him, and had insinuated himself into the good graces of Middleton, for the purpose of discovering his stamping ground, studying his character, and gaining such information as would be necessary and advantageous to him in the

## DESPERATE UNDERTAKING HE HAD ON FOOT.

He related to us his first interview with Middleton. In company with another man, he was searching for the robber Captain, and suddenly saw a fine-looking man riding toward him, as though he had just sprung up through an opening in the ground. He rode fearlessly up to Llewellyn and his companion and gave him a rapid glance, which Llewellyn felt was a photographic representation of himself which would forever remain on the camera of Middleton's brain. He then accosted them pleasantly, engaging in conversation for a time and asked Llewellyn his name. The detective gave a fictitious name. Middleton said pleasantly: "Don't lie to me, your name is Llewellyn." "All right," said the detective, "Have it as you please." Llewellyn told him a story of

## WHY HE WAS IN THAT COUNTRY.

After that Llewellyn saw Middleton many times. He returned to Omaha and Lincoln made his reports, completed the arrangements for his next expedition, and the result has been partially given us in the confused reports of the detectives' fight with Middleton and a portion of his gang.

Since writing the above the telegraph brings us the gratifying intelligence that Detective Llewellyn and assistants have arrived at Columbus, Neb., with Middleton in custody, having captured him on the Niobrara, without resistance on his part. This is a great achievement for Llewellyn, and a grand thing for the state of Nebraska. Our readers will undoubtedly have a better appreciation of this romantic history from the added knowledge that "the man with the Golden Tooth" is now safely on his way to the penitentiary. His capture will also save the people of Yankton any further trouble in searching for the presence of the bandit chieftain who is not there.



### How Pugh Saved his Bacon.

[Subject of Illustration.]  
Glasgow, Mo., August 6.—An amusing affair, which came near proving serious, occurred here to-day. A. A. Pugh, a prominent lawyer of Glasgow, was going up the street this afternoon, on his way home, when L. Banner, a carpenter, rushed out upon him, brandishing an ax-handle, and demanded if he had any written communications from his (Banner's) wife. Pugh, utterly astounded at the question, replied that he had not, when Banner said he had gotten one of his wife's notes addressed to Pugh. On Pugh informing him that he didn't care a d—n if he had a dozen, Banner made a pass at him with the ax-handle and Pugh caught the blow. At this juncture Chris. Nivert ran out of his blacksmith shop near by, with a club in his hand, to assist Banner. Pugh had nothing but a Barlow knife, and probably would have been used very roughly had not a Mrs. Steele, who was living near ran out of her house and placed a pistol in Pugh's hand. With this he stood them off until the officers came up and stopped the proceedings. It has produced a rich sensation, and the community are now on the qui vive for further developments.

### Tragic Sequel to a Sad Romance.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Aug. 10.—Mrs. Caroline Florens, the wife of Anton Florens, of Vienna, Austria, who had eloped from that city with one Nathan Shuk, and whose abandonment and effort at suicide were reported in the GAZETTE, died at three o'clock to-day of her wound. The case is a most singular one. She shot herself in the head on June 14. A ball weighing thirty grains entered her brain after being severed into four pieces, probably by contact with bones. Three of these pieces, weighing nineteen grains, were removed by surgeons, and the woman appeared in a fair way to recover.



A BIT OF IMPROMPTU OPERA-BOUFFE—THE LATEST MR. ALICE OATES, NEE WATKINS, WHILE DINING WITH HIS WIFE IN A PUBLIC RESTAURANT, IN PHILADELPHIA, CALLS A NAVAL OFFICER TO ACCOUNT FOR GAZING ON THE FAIR QUEEN OF THE HUMOROUS LYRE, AND GETS UP A LIVELY ENTERTAINMENT NOT DOWN ON THE BILL-OF-FARE.

Since the shooting she had learned that her husband was willing to forgive her, and then she appeared anxious to live. During the last few days she sank rapidly, dying to-day.

### Ruffianly Performance on a Steamboat.

[Subject of Illustration.]

As the steamer Columbia touched at pier No. 2, North River, on Thursday evening, 7th inst., three ruffians jumped aboard through one of the side windows and elbowed their way into a crowd that was leaving the vessel. They jostled against several people and finally gathered about a well-dressed lady, whom they attempted to rob of her purse. The lady discovered their intent in time to cry out, "You are trying to rob me." Officer Terwilliger, of the First precinct, Brooklyn, who had been eyeing the ruffians, stepped up just as they had pushed the lady away, and ordered them to leave the boat. They replied with an oath that they would not, and followed up their refusal with blows. As the officer turned to arrest the man who struck him first one of the others hit him on the ankle with a loaded cane, cutting him severely. The third drew a pistol and fired, the ball grazing the policeman's forehead and inflicting a scratch. The officer released the man he had seized and arrested John Cudnie, his assailant, just as he was escaping from the boat with the smoking revolver in his hand. An attempt at rescue was made, but with the assistance of the deck hands Cudnie was hand-cuffed and placed in the hold of the vessel. Meanwhile the other ruffians had escaped.

At the Leroy street landing Cudnie was turned over to Officer Brady, of the Ninth precinct, and taken to the Charles street police station. Terwilliger was taken home in a carriage. Although suffering severely from his injuries he was able to appear at the Jefferson Market police court on the following day and made a charge of felonious assault against the prisoner. Cudnie said he was the son of the proprietor of Congress Hall, Chatham square, and denied having fired the shot. Justice Morgan committed him for trial.

### A Bit of Impromptu Opera Bouffe.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Alice Oates, the opera singer, now Mrs. Watkins, was dining with her husband in a Philadelphia restaurant. A United States naval officer, described as "a near relative of Poker Schenck," sat with a party at a table close by. Watkins sprang up and asked, "What do you mean by

looking at my wife?" "We certainly did not look at her with any disrespect," replied the officer. "Then what did you look at her at all for?" cried the enraged husband, flourishing a bottle. The officer thereupon struck Watkins, and there was a brief fight, during which the fair singer gave vent to screams.

### A Lively Society Drama on the Sidewalk.

[Subject of Illustration.]

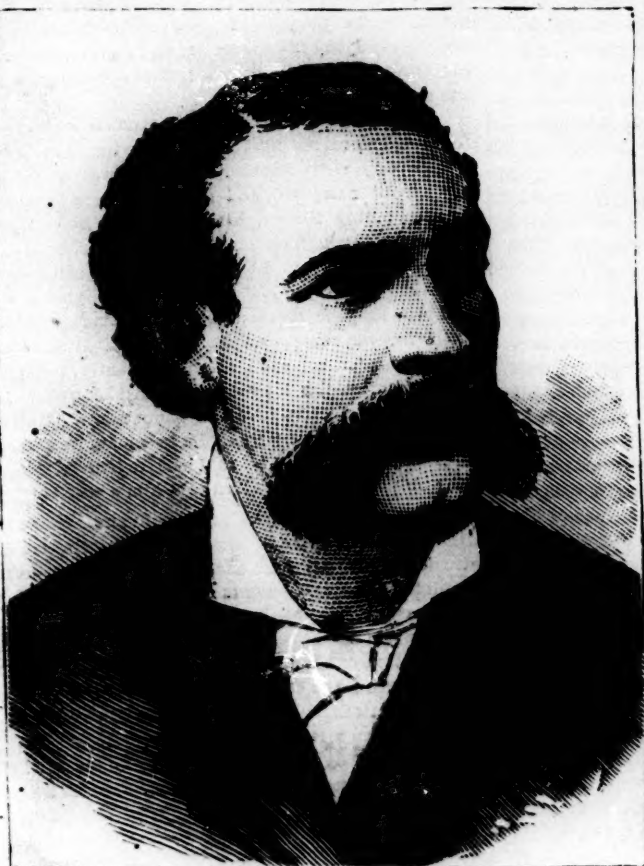
As a wealthy resident of Jersey City, whose name is carefully withheld by the police, was promenading with a woman through Van Vorst Park, late on Wednesday night, 6th inst., his wife stole up unnoticed behind the couple, and, drawing a riding whip from her saccie, attacked the woman in the most savage manner. The man separated the two women, and his companion fled. His wife then turned to him, and belabored him with the whip over his head and face. When the woman with whom he had been walking had made good her escape, the man turned and ran after her, leaving his wife in the middle of the street screaming incoherently.

The man's injuries were so severe that he was compelled to remain in bed for two days and to receive medical attendance. His wife, it is said, has instituted proceedings against him for divorce. The physician and a detective, who have been concerned in the case, refuse to give the names of the participants in the affray, but assert that they are well known in Jersey City.

### Roasted Alive by Indians.

[Subject of Illustration.]

FORT PECK, M. T., August 7.—A horrible atrocity by Indians is reported. Alexander Work, a settler, was attacked by a party of twelve Sioux Indians and after killing three of them, was overpowered and burnt at the stake. Charles Stevens was also attacked and escaped. The families of several settlers have come in.



COOL BURGESS, THE WELL-KNOWN NEGRO DELINEATOR, ATTEMPTED TO KILL WILLIAM W. WIDGERY, IN TORONTO, FOR THE ALLEGED SEDUCTION OF HIS WIFE.—SEE PAGE 7.



CAPTAIN WILLIAM TURTLE, EX-SUPERINTENDENT OF THE CHICAGO POLICE; MANAGER OF TURTLE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY.—SEE PAGE 2.



THE PARIS POLICE.

Interesting Fight Between the New Head of the Department and the Newspaper People—A Scene Between a Noted Actress and an Offensive Admirer which is Alleged to have had Existence in a Fertile Journalistic Imagination Only.

With the accession to office of M. Andrieux as Prefect of Police the radical press of Paris, and particularly the *Lanterne*, fell upon very evil days. The *Revolutions Francaise* has been compelled to suspend its publication, so that its staff are, for some time at least, safe from fine and imprisonment. Not so the *Lanterne*, which only yesterday was, in the person of its manager, sentenced to four months' imprisonment, 4,000f. fine and the costs. The *Lanterne* seems bent on destroying the prestige of the police, and on abolishing the secret police and the office of Prefect of Police. It has for many months past been carrying on a bitter war against all persons and things connected with the police. At one time, it may be remembered, it was powerful enough to drive the Minister of the Interior, M. de Marcere, from power, and cause M. Gigot (the Prefect of Police) and M. Andrieux's predecessor to be cashiered, so that M. Andrieux in some measure owes his present eminent position to the *Lanterne*, at which he has just

STRUCK SO SEVERE A BLOW.

M. Andrieux had not been long in office when a fierce strife broke out between him and the *Lanterne*. He was naturally very much vexed to find his subordinates constantly intimidated in the execution of their duty by offenders threatening to go and tell the *Lanterne* about them. But worse than that—a number of detectives were proved to be in perpetual communication with the *Lanterne*, which they supplied with information of all that occurred at the prefecture, so that the legal chief of all the French spies was the man most dogged by spies in all France. M. Andrieux, however, kept a steady eye on the *Lanterne*, watching his opportunity to strike home. That wished for opportunity presented itself a few weeks ago, when M. Andrieux caught his enemy on the nip. A young actress informed the *Lanterne* that she had been accosted on the Boulevard Magenta at ten in the morning by a fellow wearing a blouse and a cap, that she refused to listen to him, and that on his persisting in his offensive proposals

SHE BOXED HIS EAR.

Thereupon the fellow seized her by the arm and gave her into custody of a policeman in uniform who happened to be passing. The latter invited both parties to accompany him to the nearest police station, but that the actress refused to do, as she was expected to rehearsal. The policeman was about to compel her to accept his invitation, when a well dressed gentleman came upon the scene, recognized Mlle. Bernage, the actress, and requested the policeman to trouble with her no longer. The policeman respectfully did as he was bid and the well dressed gentleman, after questioning the man in the blouse, who showed him a green card, walked away with him. The actress says a crowd of 200 persons were witnesses of the scene and yet not a single person was able to be found to come and depose in favor of the *Lanterne*, which was

CHARGED WITH PUBLISHING A CONCOCTED STORY.

None of the shopkeepers or dwellers on the busy thoroughfare had seen any incident of the kind, and neither the man with the cap, nor the well dressed gentleman, nor the policeman in uniform has been discovered. The only evidence for the defense was the statement sworn to by Mlle. Bernage. For the prosecution it was stated that no agent belonging to the *Police des Moeurs* goes on duty till the afternoon, and that they never wear blouses—information, by the way, which will be of use to all who have an interest in avoiding such agents. Besides, this, the cards of the secret police are not green; they are red on one side and blue on the other. The mysterious affair comes to this—either the actress invented the story she told the *Lanterne* in



FAVORITES OF THE FOOTLIGHTS—MILLE BESESTI, BURLESQUE AND OPERA BOUFFE ARTISTE.—SEE PAGE 2.

order to attract public attention, or she had to deal with a sham policeman in uniform and two sham mouchards. By condemning the *Lanterne* the court shows that it believes in the first explanation, but the latter is the one most favorably received by the public. Though I never heard of a sham policeman in uniform, it is an undeniable fact that many scoundrels have attempted to coerce decent women by pretending they belonged to the secret police.

Kate Cobb's Prison Life.

NORWICH, Conn., Aug. 10.—Mrs. Kate Cobb, the Norwich husband murderer, in her prison home in Wethersfield, is a magnet of great attraction to her old time acquaintances. None of them visit Hartford without taking a run out to see "Katie." She turns her back on all, and recognises none. As she rolled out of town for the last time a few months ago, she said that she had been deeply wronged by the Norwich people, and that she did not care to see the "miserable tattling little city again."

Mrs. Cobb occupies, as does Bishop, a double cell in the state prison, light, cheery, and comfortable, and her taste and skill in adornment has added greatly to its attractiveness. Soft, snowy lace curtains are gracefully looped over the arched entrance, an elegant flowered carpet adorns the floor, and ottomans, camp stools, and an easy chair diversify the boudoir. Pictures cover the walls, brackets are in the niches of the walls, and bric-a-brac and other ornaments relieve the prison blankness of the stone room. A basket of oranges and bananas was on her table as a Norwich visitor peered through the grating of the cell door one day last week. Mrs. Cobb was attired in a light-blue gingham gown, having discarded her mourning silk when she entered the prison. She wears false curls, and looks trim and tidy.

A Villain Rightly Served.

FREDERICKSON, N. B., August 9.—On Wednesday morning a girl named Kearney, aged ten years, was picking berries about a mile from Caribou village, she was approached and assaulted by Jerry Bouillier, a Frenchman, who escaped to the woods. Sheriff Barker and an assistant started in pursuit, and soon came up with the fugitive, but were unable to capture him. Meanwhile the whole neighborhood became aroused, and a band of fifty men scoured the wood in every direction. A sentry consisting of three young men was posted near Bouillier's house, and at about five p. m. he was seen to come from the forest and run toward the house. His body was covered by the revolvers of the sentry, and he turned to run from them, at the same time telling them they dared not shoot. One Clarke levelled his revolver and fired, the bullet striking him in the lower part of the abdomen. The wounded man remained standing for a moment, and then dropped apparently dead. He was carried to the Caribou House, and his wounds were dressed. He is not expected to recover.

A Brutal Wretch Killed by His Brother.

[Subject of Illustration.]

ASHVILLE, N. C., August 4.—A terrible affray happened in Buncombe county, to-day, in which John H. Wild was shot through the head and killed by his brother, Joe Wild. It seems that Joe Wild came in from work and found his brother standing over and beating their aged mother and kicking her while she lay on the floor bleeding. His brother's wife stood over her with a drawn ax, ready to strike the fatal blow. Joe cried "stop, in the name of God what do you mean," and told her to put down the ax. Upon this John jerked the ax from the hand of his wife and made for his brother, who retreated, warning him not to come any nearer. Joe backed against a post in the yard, and his brother rushed at him with uplifted ax. Joe then drew a revolver and killed his assailant instantly. Old Mrs. Wild's injuries are very serious. Joe is in jail.



JOHN H. WILD KILLED BY HIS BROTHER, WHOSE LIFE HE HAD THREATENED FOR PREVENTING HIM FROM MURDERING THEIR AGED MOTHER; BUNCOMBE COUNTY, N. C.



FOUR WESTERN DESPERADOES CAPTURE AND PLUNDER THE TOWN OF CANEY, KAN., AND ESCAPE WITH THEIR BOOTY AFTER THE MURDER OF A CITIZEN.—SEE PAGE 5



## LEFT HER HOME;

OR,

## The Trials and Temptations of a Poor Girl.

BY BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG, ESQ.

("JACK HARKAWAY.")

["Left Her Home," was commenced in No. 86. Back numbers can be obtained of any News Agent, or direct from the Publisher.]

[Written expressly for THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.]  
CHAPTER XIII.  
(Continued.)

"Well, you just forget that you've seen me to-night," continued Varnum, "and I may be able to do you a good turn before long. My friend and I are on a little racket to-night, you understand?"

"Certainly, sir, or coorse, I'll say nothin' about it." "That's right, here, take this and it will help you to remember to forget," and he handed the officer a bank-note.

"I'll not forget, sir—I mane I will. Good night, sir," and the vigilant guardian of the peace walked away, probably in search of an opportunity for a little club exercise by way of "divarshun."

"That's devilish unlucky," muttered Varnum, as the officer disappeared around the corner, "I wouldn't have had that follow see me here in this rig for anything."

"Bah, it isn't of the least importance," responded Waters, "if he had recognized you just as we were putting the girl in the cab it would have been awkward, but as it is it don't matter. Now I must be off; it is time for my appointment with the fair Fanny. You'd better put those lights out again, and be ready to start at once. You've got the route laid out?"

"Yes, I understand it perfectly." "All right, I'll have the girl here in a jiffy. Keep a stiff upper lip now, and we'll do the job as neat as wax." And he hastened away to his appointment with poor Fanny.

Not more than half an hour earlier than this, Robert Carter and Frank Steers had started from the Astor House, also seeking an interview with the same young lady.

As they left the hotel, Frank proposed taking a Third Avenue car, which he said would bring them within a block of Mrs. Fleming's house.

"Both your street cars," said Robert, who seemed in unusually good spirits, as it neared the hour when he hoped to meet the woman he so fondly loved. "No street cars for me. I'm going to take a cab: I'm not poor Bob Carter any more, you know."

"It has grieved me deeply, my friend," responded Steers, with mock gravity, "to observe in your evidences of a disposition to arrogance and purse-proud haughtiness; to ostentatiously displaying your hoards of gold and silver, and to gloating over the deserving but down-trodden journalist. Nevertheless I will avail myself of your invitation and ride in the gorgeous vehicle, fare not exceeding one mile, for one person, fifty cents, two ditto, seventy-five."

"If you have concluded your oration," said Robert quietly, "we may as well start."

His friend offering no objection they entered a cab, and were driven in the direction of Mrs. Fleming's.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Waters reached the appointed place for his meeting with Fanny at exactly half past eight, but the girl was not to be seen.

Lighting a cigar, he seated himself on a convenient hydrant to await her coming.

He was kept in suspense but a few moments.

Not more than five minutes had elapsed ere a light graceful figure came tripping down the street, which he easily recognized as that of the girl he sought.

Throwing away his cigar he rose, and awaited her approach.

As she came timidly up to him he saw by the light of the neighboring street lamp, that her eyes were red with weeping. She had indeed that day passed through an exhausting mental conflict. To deceive her kind friend Mrs. Fleming was no easy task for a girl of Fanny's mould, but the strong hope held out to her by the supposed clergyman that she might clear her name from stain, had at last overcome her compunctions, and in a flutter of excitement, not unmixed with fear, she had slipped out of the house unseen and come to keep her appointment.

"Good evening, my dear young lady," said the sanctimonious looking scoundrel, as she drew near, "it grieves me to observe that you have been weeping. Trust me, you shall soon have cause for joy instead of sorrow."

"Oh, sir," replied Fanny, "I hope I am not doing wrong to so deceive my dear friend, but I could not resist your offer, and I do trust that you will do all that you have promised."

"All and more, my dear child," replied Waters, "but make haste, I have a carriage in waiting, we will enter it and be driven at once to the house where you shall confront that wicked man with your proofs, and foil him in his desperate game at the moment of his seeming triumph."

"Yes," replied Fanny, "let us hasten, would to heaven that it was all over, but I will try and be brave for my own sake."

"The carriage is waiting for us a little up the street," said Waters, "I thought it wiser not to bring it too near the house. Please take my arm and we will go at once."

Fanny complied, and they walked up the street to the corner where Varnum was impatiently waiting with the cab.

Waters placed her in the vehicle, and saying to the supposed hackman, "You will drive at once to the address I gave you," got in and took a seat beside her.

"The house to which we are going is a long way up town," he said to Fanny, "but I feared you might not be able to get out of your house at a later hour; that is why I arranged to start at this time. We will arrive there just at the proper moment."

Fanny made no reply for a feeling of uneasiness had taken possession of her. She dreaded something, she knew not what, and began earnestly to wish that she had confided in Mrs. Fleming, or better still that she had refused to come. There was something in the manner of the man beside her, that inspired her with a vague sense of terror. She could not define it, but it still existed. It was now too late to retract, however. The driver had mounted the box, and, turning the carriage with difficulty in the narrow street, drove away.

But not unobserved.

## CHAPTER XV.

RETRIBUTION.

Chatting gaily as they drove along Robert and Frank soon reached the vicinity of Hester street.

Robert was in excellent spirits, indeed he seemed to effervesce with excitement, and Frank, rejoicing at this happy chance in his friend's manner, encouraged his hilarity with many a jest and gibe.

"I think," said Frank, as they turned into one of the intersecting streets, "that it will be best for us to leave the cab before we reach the house."

"Why?" asked Robert in some surprise.

"Because we want to arrive quietly, and in a street like this, the advent of a carriage puts every gamin on the qui vive."

"Just as you like," replied Robert, "I'll leave it to you, but where shall we leave the carriage?"

"I'll tell him to stop a little way this side of Hester street."

"All right, we must be nearly there."

"This will do," said Frank, pulling the check string. The cab stopped and the two friends got out.

Instructing the driver to wait, they walked along slowly, Robert trying to imagine what he should say at sight of Fanny, and Frank calmly outlining a course of action.

Suddenly, as they neared the corner of Hester street, Frank seized his companion by the arm and brought him to a standstill.

"Look," he whispered, pointing to the opposite corner, "look there."

Following the direction of his friend's extended hand Robert saw two persons standing almost under a gas lamp across the street.

One of them he recognized at the first glance, it was Fanny beyond doubt. The other was a plainly dressed man of clerical aspect, who was speaking earnestly to the girl.

"It is the man Marks told us of," said Robert in a low tone. "What can this mean?"

Even as he spoke the man offered his arm to Fanny and the two passed up the street.

"Run back to the cab, Bob," said Steers quickly, "and tell the driver to follow us slowly, just keeping us in sight, I will follow the others."

Bob did as he was directed, and, hurrying on, caught up with Frank ere the latter had walked a block.

"The cabman is following slowly," said Robert as he rejoined his friend. "What do you think of this?"

"Can't tell you, yet," replied Frank, coolly, "but we have only to follow them to find out."

"That's true," said Robert, "but I hate to do it. It seems too much like acting the spy."

"All's fair in love and war you know, my boy," said Frank, "and I feel somehow as if we ought to see the end of this."

"Yes, we must do so, I fear there is something wrong about it."

Following cautiously behind Waters and Fanny, the two watchers witnessed their departure in the cab which had evidently been waiting for them, and just as they drove off Robert's cab halted a few paces behind him.

"In with you, man," cried Steers, instantly, "jump in, I'll get on the box with the driver and keep them in sight."

Robert did so, although scarcely understanding the reason of his friend's sudden determination.

So it happened that Varnum's vehicle was followed at a safe distance by another, and an unexpected element of discord was introduced into his little scheme.

Varnum drove on at a steady gait, taking always the most unfrequented streets, and making many detours as if he were actually trying to throw any pursuers off the track, if such there were. But the sharp-eyed watcher on the box of the pursuing cab was not to be evaded. He followed on the trail like a sleuth-hound and together the two vehicles made their way up town.

As time passed, and they passed street after street without any indications of coming to a halt, Fanny grew more and more alarmed, yet hesitated to express her fears to her companion.

At length, when she saw that they were getting into the suburbs, where houses were few and far between, she mustered up courage enough to ask if they were nearly there.

"Almost, my child," replied Waters, soothingly, "a few minutes more will bring us to our destination."

Almost as he spoke the cab, which had been for some time rolling steadily up a far east side avenue, turned into a side street, which descended by rather a steep declivity towards the river.

The road was bordered on each side by groves of trees, and not a house was to be seen.

To those in the pursuing vehicle it began to look decidedly queer.

At length the foremost cab pulled up suddenly, and turned through an open gateway into what seemed the grounds of some residence.

No house was visible, however, and when the cab finally stopped, it was in a spot so surrounded by trees and foliage, that nothing could be seen in any direction save one, where the river rippled by.

A small, half-ruined dock jutted out into the water, and Waters having assisted Fanny from the cab, attempted to lead her toward it.

But a great fear had taken complete possession of the girl's mind, and she drew back, saying—

"Where is the house, sir?"

"I can see nothing there but the river."

"We are in the grounds," replied Waters, "but I wish to approach the house quietly, and this path which winds around by the river is the best means of doing so."

Even while she hesitated he grasped her arm roughly, and said—

"Come, we can't stand fooling here all night, come along and let's have it done with."

The change in his tone terrified her, and she struggled to release herself.

At that moment she was seized from the other side, and, turning in terror toward this new assailant, she recognized, even by the dim star-light, the face of Star Varnum.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.

A DISGRACEFUL affair occurred in the Police Court in Salt Lake, Utah, on the 6th. Dr. Harry Bane appeared before Justice Piper to answer for an assault on Elder Musser, who had published a slanderous article reflecting on Bane's mother. He was put under bonds to await the action of the grand jury, and when leaving court was set upon by Musser and a score of his confederates, who beat him savagely. Bane is a Gentle, son of the United States receiver in this city, and the attack was political as well as retaliatory. The police were privy to the assault, and the worst blow struck upon Bane was by Policeman Burt.

At Bethel, Ky., on the 6th, Ben. T. Snelling got into a difficulty with one James Daugherty, and pulling his pistol, fired at Daugherty, and missed him. The ball hit Charles Beckner, a quiet, inoffensive and highly respected citizen, piercing his heart and killing him instantly. Later in the day Jim Ronett, a negro, shot at a younger Beckner, the ball taking effect in his thigh, and making a painful wound. At Sharpshooter, Thomas Carmody, an Irishman, stabbed one Thomas Carey in the left breast, inflicting a dangerous wound. Snelling and Ronett are both in jail, but Carmody is free, having given bail.

## GLIMPSES OF GOTHAM.

## The Question of Legally Restraining the Little Acrobats who Tumble in the Ring.

## A CIRCUS COLLEGE.

## Teaching the Young Idea How to Throw a Back Somersault on the Tight Rope.

## AT THE HORSE ACADEMY.

BY PAUL FROWLER.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.]

Among the various charitable and philanthropic societies which add luster to the name of New York, there is none embodying a more beautiful idea or more deserving of private and public support than the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

For some time past Mr. Jenkins, the superintendent, has been prominently busy with those young acrobats, the Slegist children, attaining his purpose in the end, and succeeding in having the court order them from the ring.

All this is good work of course, and I have no particular objection to make to it. Still I can't help thinking that in a good many instances of this nature, the society, like that of Mr. Bergh, is entirely too zealous. All children in circus life, or in the general world of entertainment, are not necessarily ill treated. They earn money, and that money in many instances represents the bread and butter of bed-ridden parents, who have been forced by grim circumstances to apprentice the little ones to a trade which has lights and music, glitter and garish trappings, as a sorry recompense for whatever barbarities may be practiced at their lodgings or in the dressing-room of the tent.

Certainly the society was wrong last winter when it descended upon the pretty "Butterfly Ballet" at the Academy of Music. It is not only wrong, but it is terribly inconsistent. During this summer it has permitted the Lyceum Theatre to use wee chits of boys and girls in nightly representations of "Pinafore."

I used to pity two little middies," aged about five years, who had nothing to do but stand upon the bridge of the ship for the two hours. Their tiny heads grew very heavy, and their blue eyes tired of blinking at the audience would often close in sleep.

I would have applauded softly if Mr. Jenkins had come down the aisle with a double trundle bed, and tucked them away among the pillows of dream-land.

It was simple cruelty keeping them on the stage. They didn't advance the story a bit, and two little dummies would have done just as well.

In the circus it is different. You are now in a strictly professional atmosphere, where the training of the body toward a condition of strength, grace and suppleness is proceeded with according to regular rules.

To become a good gymnast, yaulter, leaper, or bare-back rider it is necessary to begin when the frame is ductile. But the S. P. C. C. steps in and says "No."

It interfered with Prince Leo and "Little All Right."

In the latter case I thought the interference utterly unnecessary. You can never make me believe anything else than that these little Japanese boys actually enjoy an upside down sort of life, and would rather stand on their head on the top tub of a long pipe resting upon the feet of a performer like Satsuma, than sit in a corner eating a Christmas or any other kind of pie.

Could anything more wretched be imagined than the life of a little circus lad like "All Right," were he placed in a school, or home for friendless children?

Mr. Jenkins must remember that the circus has powerful attractions for youth, and that in these very cases where he interferes the pleasure consequent upon dwelling in the fantastic atmosphere is a considerable offset to bodily hardships.

Do I understand Mr. Jenkins to say that when he was a boy he never, or hardly once in a while, crawled under the canvas when the necessary shilling was not at hand? No boy in this free and enlightened country stands any chance of becoming a great man if there is not inherent in his breast a love for the circus.

At the best, if he is devoid of this sentiment, he can only hope to be a phenomenon.

When I was quite a small Prowler, a little Paul for a cent, and therefore a Cent Paul, I read a thrilling Sunday school book called "Slim Jim, the Circus Boy."

If I remember correctly this attenuated James wandered off from his native village after a red wagon in which there were tigers, and on becoming acquainted with the gentleman in the gold laced coat who drove the four dappled steeds attached to the vehicle, drifted by insensible degrees into the profession.

He started in the glassware class becoming a tumbler, but when, as is the fate of all tumblers, he was sufficiently broken, he was transferred to a gymnast who held a long pole on his chin while Jim ascended it, bowed to the audience from his swaying perch and then began a spin around on his stomach.

One night while spinning in the aforesaid manner he saw his mother—not down in the seats, eating peanuts, where she would naturally be if in the circus at all, but up in the air close to the pole.

It is needless to add that Slim Jim fell to the ground. He lay for many weeks in the hospital, and then died, after having confessed the cold-blooded robbery of several apple-trees.

Now, in all "Slim-Jim" cases the S. P. C. C. ought to interfere. Any boy given to hallucinations has no business spinning about on his stomach so many feet in the air; but we still maintain that not enough discrimination is exercised in weeding the saw-dust arena of its adolescent performers.

Wherever a puny, sickly child is found in tights and spangles, it should instantly be removed.

Equally prompt action should be taken in the case of a boy or girl, who is the object of some brutal taskmaster's cruelty.

Granting all this there still remain many children in the canvas world who are there of their own volition, who like the business, who are well treated, and who are daily acquiring proficiency in that profession upon which they expect to depend during manhood and unmanhood.

Dropping the S. P. C. C. for a while, with the remark that despite its haste and many errors it is a most commendable enterprise, let us turn our attention to the question—Where do all the children in the circus come from?

A great many are the progeny of men and women performers and are almost born in the ring. They inherit

the acrobatic and equestrian tastes of their parents and take to the life as naturally as a duck to a mill-pond. It is not of this class that I wish to speak.

The others are taken in hand by trainers, who steal, borrow or buy them from parents and guardians, and are made over from ordinary little boys and girls to circus little boys and girls.

There is now, or was last season, a tenement house on the far east side, where a decrepit and injured circus attache—I think he was kicked once by a trick mule and stabbed twice in Texas—keeps a regular tumbling academy.

He makes his young pupils proficient in various specialties and then sub-lets them for the season to managers who travel through the country.

We who live in the blaze of New York civilization do not see much circus life, and have but a faint idea of the number of shows and side-shows on the road during such weather as this.

There are hundreds of boy-performers in the West and Southwest, in the West Indies and South America, of whom the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children never heard. How many "Slim Jims" are among them I can't say.

These little performers come mostly from the New York academy, and those like it that I speak of. Theoretically there is nothing very wrong, very cruel, or very wicked in training to be a circus performer.

And yet it may be a very brutal and degrading business. It depends of course upon the trainer.

My friend on the east side was very kind and considerate when he was sober, and entirely too ready with a club, or anything he could lay hand to for that matter, when he was drunk.

As he was drunk half the time he nicely blended the two systems, and made it alternate sunshine and shadow for his class. They lodged with him, by the way, and slept in hammocks. He began the training of a child in September and by May it was pretty well ascertained whether there was any circus in the scholar. If there was, and it was no more than the ability to balance a feather on his nose, the professor brought it out.

He was a big burly fellow, cessation of violent exercise and the imbibition of many cans of beer had made him very stout. His face was red and crepuscular; his voice a combination of the murmur of the buzz-saw and the conversational tone of a frog that had caught cold by moving into an extra damp pond.

No wonder the little boys, with their flabby muscles and pipe-stem legs, used to be afraid of him, even when it was a sober day and a smile tried to break through the crimson fog of his countenance.

He had all the appliances of a gymnasium in his various rooms—ars, ropes, weights, trapezes, etc. One room was devoted entirely to the tight rope, and since this required skill and a nicety of balancing rather than strength, nearly all the boys became adepts at walking it.

At the time I used to drop in out of mere curiosity, and because I had too much leisure on my hands, he was teaching a pretty little fellow, not more than eight years old, the back-somersault upon this rope.

Now a back-somersault on the ground is by no means an easy matter. If the reader thinks it is let him lay this paper down for a moment and try it.

On second thought, don't, we do not wish to lose any of our readers, nor create a corner in crape.

The boy had learned the feat upon the bedding with which the floor was covered, and was then expected to do it upon the rope, pole in hand.

How often the poor child tried it and failed, it would be useless to state even if I knew. He used to get ugly falls, I assure you, and tears stood in his eyes as he tremblingly essayed the difficult task again.

But finally success came, first spasmodically, and then almost as a dead sure thing. In the glory of the achievement the boy forgot all the bruises, twists and scrapes he had received, and was supremely happy.

I doubt if he would have looked upon Mr. Jenkins other than as an enemy if that energetic philanthropist had suddenly appeared with a proposition to take him away to the Catholic Protector or the "Sheltering Arms."

In these admirable institutions they don't throw summersaults on tight-ropes.

When the spring arrived and the tenting season began our professor generally had a few contortionists, tumblers, high-pole acrobats and tight-rope walkers ready.

Then gentlemen in big diamond pins and velvet jackets would begin to lounge in to examine the stock. A bargain once made it would be ratified over liberal potations of grog, and for the wince the school would have a recess. Whoever was disposed of, always entered upon his new life in high glee, keenly appreciating the difference between rooms on the top-floor of a New York City tenement-house, and the genuine circus tent, with constant change of scene from town to town.

How much added enthusiasm there was in the very smell of the stables and the sight of the red-coated band blazing away in a gilded chariot!

The equestrian performers have a dozen horse colleges in this city. As there are regular riding academies, so there are schools devoted to hurdle-jumping, pad-riding, balloon-jumping, bare-back feats, and all the rest of it. Old hack-horses are gotten for the children, who, at the start, are suspended by a belt and beam appliance, so that they can't fall off. Then they are left to themselves, and in time learn to discard the pad, to ride like a postage-stamp stuck on the flank of the flying steed, and to jump down and re-mount by clinging to loops made in the mane.

A circus man or a circus woman must naturally be healthy and well formed. Their nerves are like steel. Their eye must be clear and their head steady. To maintain this balance of physical qualities temperance in living is absolutely necessary. Surely then a life, of which muscular perfection must be the outcome, can't be one in which cruelty is extensively practiced upon young beginners.

And besides, it wouldn't be logical. A circus boy is an expensive investment, is regular property and has to be treated carefully.

I don't praise the moral side of the life. If ever there is a little Paul Prowler I will see that he does not join the circus on that very account. Clowns and ring-masters have been known to swear, and sometimes the canvas men fight. The life of the ladies is not always the most blameless although they maintain the standard quite as well as their sisters upon the stage.

Still, I shouldn't keep my son out of the ring for fear of injury to his person, and I think it would be much more commendable in the S. P. C. C. to drop the little acrobats for a while and continue probing further and further into the darksome recesses of infantile life in our Italian quarter. Some of the class which Officer Chiardi brings into the court of special sessions are as hideous as a nightmare.

WM. VANCE HARPER, a Philadelphia lawyer, has disappeared after defrauding various clients to the extent of nearly \$17,000. In one case he appropriated a large sum which belonged to three orphan children of whom he was guardian. Several people, mostly of the poorer classes, who had given him money to save or invest, are among the victims.



## CITY CHARACTERS.

## THE ATHLETIC YOUNG MAN.

One of a Class Who Are a Nuisance "With a Big D."

BY COLONEL LYNX.

[Written expressly for THE POLICE GAZETTE.] Perhaps it's because I'm an old fogey; maybe it's because I live in the same house with him, but I have no hesitation in declaring that I consider the athletic young man, I mean the obnoxious pronounced athletic young man, an infernal nuisance.

I am not alluding to any of the professional gentlemen who feather sculls, bang each other in the eye with gloves, or walk six days for gate money. That's their line of business and as long as the public is as enough to allow them to win belts and thousands of dollars doing it, they would be double-dashed fools if they tackled any of the named professions or went into trade.

I allude to the down town clerk who has caught the athletic craze, and who devotes his entire energies to getting his muscle up.

As I remarked a little while above—to coin a new expression—I enjoy the felicity of living in the same house with one of the gentry.

He has the room directly over mine, and up to the day when this new disease broke out on him I rather used to admire the young fellow, and have frequently spoken of him to the landlady in the most complimentary manner.

Now I hate him—hate with a wild, deep, implacable hatred that I never dreamed could be entertained toward any being except a cat running the scales at three a. m.

He doesn't do that, but he murders sleep all the same. As you are aware my philosophical studies frequently keep me awake until a very late hour, and about four o'clock I am putting in my biggest licks of sleep.

That's the time he gets up and grapples with the health lift which he has rigged in his room. The health lift needs greasing, and when it squeaks and creaks it sounds like the death cry of a lion.

This lasts a half-hour, and then he takes a sponge bath. The bath finished he walks seventy-five times up and down his room to make the distance of a mile and a half, after which he goes to bed again.

At breakfast the young athletic pitches into oat-meal and graham bread, and asks me if I was at the "sloggin' match" the night before at Harry Hills.

And this young man whom I took at first for a divinity student!

I reply that I hardly ever go to Harry Hills, and never, unless the Jubilee singers or a temperance sermon are thrown in as chorus with the rest of the entertainment.

He answers, "Ah, indeed," and adds, "I thought I saw you there backing the unknown. It must have been some other old duffer."

Can you wonder sir, that I became actually speechless with rage and astonishment!

Then he goes on to suggest that if I will come up to his room some afternoon before dinner he'll put on the gloves with me, and knock me around a bit.

"I'll do you good," he says, swinging himself out of the door, "and besides you get the drop on the new 'counter' before all the hitters about town have it."

This young man has dumb-bells which he puts up, and clubs which he swings. He has pulley weights in his room, and is now talking of putting in a punching bag.

He takes the *Cipper*, and knows all about matches that are to take place in the United States. Naturally he is a sport and keeps a betting book. He tried to rope me in "just for a flyer" occasionally, but I don't like the English book-making system and won't have it. I like American pool, the same that Doc Underwood used to sell. Poor Doc. I can hear his cheery voice now crying:

"Second choice gone, gentlemen. How much for the field?"

The young party in our house has a pedometer. He works in Beaver street, and frequently takes a spin from there up around Central Park and back to the house, carefully noting the time.

We have this for dinner, with remarks about Rowell, Blower Brown, Weston and the rest of them as if he had known them intimately all his life.

To tell the truth those people whose acquaintanceship he has picked up lately do not reflect credit even upon our humble boarding-house to which he has the temerity to introduce them.

It was only the other night that he brought home a bullet-headed fellow to dinner, who was placed alongside of me. He smelt most powerfully of gin and tansy, and developed a most muscular appetite.

The only time he spoke to me was when he asked me if I knew any one who wanted their dogs' ears or tails clipped.

I induced our landlady, a most estimable woman as I have before remarked in this column, to remonstrate with our athletic friend on this subject. She did so, and he had the audacity to reply—

"Why you don't know who that is, do you?" She answered that outside of being aware that his name, as given at the introduction, was Parker, she did not.

"Of course it's Parker—Parker—Parker—the strongest man in the Eleventh ward. Puts up 250 pounds for a whistle, and can lift 2500."

Utterly crushed at finding out the angel she had been entertaining unawares in the person of Mr. Parker, the landlady gracefully retired.

At the invitation of this domestic demon who robs me of my sweetest sleep, I attended some games participated in by a club to which he belongs. They selected a day on which you could broil a chicken by placing it on a door-stoop, and induced me to become umpire, with no other protection than that afforded by a red umbrella.

If it hadn't been for a keg of beer which some one had had the sense to provide, I should have perished.

It is at an exhibition like this, when the competitors are stripped partially that you can form an idea of what a skinny, miserable lot these vaulters, runners and jumpers really are.

Most of them have legs like base-ball bats, with calves like base-balls stuck on, and all their chests had the smashed appearance of a steamer trunk. When I remarked this, I was told that they were all in training and that some of them had gone too far and trained a little too fine.

One athlete was so much trained that they had to hold him up for a start on the 100-yard race, and although he won it, they had to carry him off in an ulster.

I am in favor of athletics, and I believe its every young man's duty to see to it that his entire muscular system receives a sensible amount of well-directed daily exercise. But I think that the extent to which a mere muscular epidemic, bred of rowing and walking matches, has gone is a detriment rather than a blessing to the community.

I most assuredly think that a man who gets up at four o'clock in the morning to yank away at a health-lift is one who would be safely placed if under the protection of the State Board of Charities.

One thing is certain, if that health-lift nuisance isn't abated pretty soon, I, Colonel Lynx, will first get mad, and then go in training myself.

When once the bycrops of a Lynx begins to rotund, then there's trouble about.

I'll go up into that young man's room, and after pulling the lining out of the health-lift, I'll—

But I must not proceed. I know not what timid compositor may be trembling with these lines in his grasp. I will be merciful.

## WASTINGS FROM THE WINGS.

Cool Burgess and His Pistol—The Dead Fechter—How He was Dissected—Opening of the Theatres—Personal Items and Random Gossip.

I was very sorry to hear of Cool Burgess's domestic troubles. When a man is so infelicitously situated at home that it is necessary for him to go gunning for his fellow man, then things are tough indeed. I do not think that making speeches about the matter from the stage of the Tivoli Theatre was a judicious procedure, however grossly some drunken ruffian on the first row of benches may have insulted him. When I want confidants I won't look for them among the constituents of Mr. Aberie.

The papers state that Burgess goes to Canada of his own accord, and it would have been much better if the arrangement had been made previous to locking the minstrel up at headquarters. It was Burgess who first brought the song "I feel so awful jolly when the band begins to play" into notice. He is one of the best burnt cork performers on the stage, and should not be confounded with Neil Burgess who plays the widow in Nash's Yankes farce.

No sooner is Fechter dead than the howls begin. His drunkenness, gluttony, anger and business incompetency seem to be fruitful themes with certain ghoulish writers. The *Sun* even sneers at the home of the ballet girl from which he was buried in Philadelphia, giving the dimensions of the room in which the coffin lay, and locating the residence in "the shabby part of Cherry street."

His drink of champagne and brandy is commented on, his domestic affairs are unearthed, and his liver is harpooned by every pen. All I know and care to know is that death blew out the flame of life of a very cultured gentleman and the most versatile actor in the romantic school that ever trod the American stage. I liked his Hamlet, blonde wig, pronunciation and all, and never did I listen to his rendering of the lines, his grotesque rendering if you will, that new beauties of thought were not lit up by the flash of his genius. It was sadly strange, was it not, for such a glittering cosmopolite to die among the Pennsylvania Dutch and be buried in so quiet a spot as Philadelphia?

They say he left a wife and children in Paris, the daughter being a singer.

His widow in this country was the leading lady of Mrs. John Draw's Arch street Theatre, Philadelphia, ever so many years ago. Lizzie Price was her name. I remember her as a big pink-and-white woman with black hair and red lips. She was first married to Willie Wintie, a most estimable young gentleman, who is now in New York, I believe.

Outside of the fact that he is tearing the lining out of the "Broadway," Mr. Daily doesn't seem to know much about it.

"Enchantment" is a poor clap-net sort of name for the charming spectacle at Niblo's. The organization of the theatre is as follows:—E. G. Gilmore, manager; Joseph H. Tooker, business manager; directors of amusements: Kiralfy brothers; scenic artist, Mr. Voegtlin; stage manager, Imri Kiralfy; leader of the orchestra, Charles Parner. In the company engaged are, J. B. Sturdy, Samuel Hemphill; Miss Rosa Lee, soprano; Miss Linda Verrier, operatic soubrette; Mr. Campbell, tenor; O. A. Skinner, of Philadelphia, character actor, and Miss Maggie S. Tennent. In the ballet are Mlle. Adele Cornalba, Eugenie Capalini, male impersonator, and Miles. Cornis, Ortori, Zettie and Pasta. Besides these European artists, twenty-four coryphees and a large cosmopolitan ballet, there are a number of unique specialties.

On Monday Wallack's opens with "Wolfert's Roost."

The Bandmanns are going to remain several months at the Standard, being rather the nucleus of a splendid company than stars. "Narcisse," "Dead or Alive," "Nadine," "Merchant of Venice," "Lady of Lyons," "Hamlet," and "School for Scandal," will follow each other in rapid succession. Mr. Henderson resumes the management.

Lotta and Sothorn are Mr. Abbey's, of the Park, chief stars so far. He is still abroad.

The list of the actors engaged for the coming season at the Union Square is as follows:—Miss Sarah Jewett, Miss Maud Harrison, Miss Ellie Wilton, Mrs. E. J. Phillips, Mrs. Marie Wilkins, Miss Ida Vernon, Miss Sarah Cowell, and Messrs. Charles R. Thorn, Jr., N. F. Daly, John Parselle, J. H. Stoddard, W. J. Le Moine, H. W. Montgomery, Waldron Ramey, Harry Courtaine and W. S. Quigley, with James W. Thorpe as prompter and H. W. Tinsington as leader of the orchestra.

The Comique opened last Monday in the most prosperous manner. I wish it what it is sure to have, a splendid season.

Of German matters the *Herald* says:—"Miss A. Setti, Miss H. Benaberg, Miss Josephine Pagay, Mr. Sauer, Mr. Meery, Mr. Feuchter, and Mr. Raberg, the ladies and gentlemen recently engaged in Europe by Mr. Ad. Neundorff for his Germania Theatre company this season, will leave Hamburg August 20th, on the Frisia. In conjunction with Miss Necker, Miss Wagner, Miss Heller, Miss Schmitz, Mr. Rank, Mr. Kessler, Mr. Bojock, Mr. Wolkenstein, Mr. Kummer and Mr. Portner, who have been retained from last year's company, they will form a strong ensemble of German actors. The repertoire of this cozy little place of amusement will, it is said, comprise the best production of our modern as well as classical German authors. Mr. Neundorff, while abroad, succeeded in making a large number of new contracts with such authors as L'Arronge, Moser, Rosen, Blumenthal, Anzen-gruber, Lindau, Salinger, etc., thereby securing for his theatre all new productions as early as any theatre in Germany. That theatre will be entirely repainted and redecorated, and will receive a new drop-curtain, as well as several new sets of scenery."

It is urged that Fechter should have married Carlotta Le Clercq, his principal support when he came here. A curious coincidence is the death of her husband, a Mr. Nelson, in England, within a few days of Fechter's demise.

The Dion Boucicault had to have his fling at the dead

Fechter. In the same talk where he belittles Fechter's abilities he tells the public that he expects to make \$18,000 by the sale of his (Boucicault's) yacht.

The Union Square Theatre is to open with a very naughty Parisian piece Englished into "French Flats in Four Stories."

Harry Hill's popular resort is undergoing a complete renovation in the way of being newly painted and otherwise elaborately embellished throughout, inside as well as out. The billiard parlor and shooting gallery form a center of attraction, several noted billiard "sharps" and crack-shots, whose feats of skill in their respective lines excite the intense interest of admiring amateurs, being seen there nightly. The usual capital variety entertainment by a large and talented company, and exhibition of boxing by first-class professionals, male and female, in addition to the agreeable feature of the excellent new orchestra, make up a combination of attractions which renders Harry Hill's one of the most enjoyable places for an evening's entertainment to be found in this or any other city.

Mr. Wallack's company for the season includes Miss Boniface, Miss Pearl Eytings, Miss Linda Dietz, Mme. Poniai, Mr. Maurice Darymore, Mr. John Gilbert, Mr. John Brougham, Mr. Leonard and Mr. W. R. Floyd, with the old time leader, Mr. Baker, in the orchestra.

Jim Meade will continue his career of reform by managing the Philadelphia Church Choir Company.

Marion Darcy will debut at the Park Theatre August 25th.

For heaven's sake why doesn't Genevieve Ward play that engagement at the Comedie Francaise and cease blowing about it?

Modjeska has been visiting the fair land of Poland.

Mr. Alice Oakes has been knocked down in Philadelphia by a man he was going to "mash" for looking at his wife. Probably she "mashed" him first.

Suppose Mlle. Singer can't sing.

Miss Minnie Cummings is reported very ill at her residence in this city. It is to be hoped she will recover. She is a good, ambitious actress, and a beautiful woman.

Anna W. Dickinson is going to play a new play—this time in California. She has come to the conclusion that Boston isn't far enough away to begin a descent on New York. Poor Anna. It's a very bad case of conceit.

The *Dramatic News* says: One of the latest London reports states that Sarah Bernhardt had given way to pressure and had resolved to keep her place as a sociétaire of the Theatre Francaise, which, of course, puts an end to the projected contract with Jarrett & Ullmann. We have a later report, however, wholly reliable, that, while Mr. Perrin insists on her remaining in the company this season, he will give her a leave for six months in the fall of 1880. These six months will be spent in the United States, and it is probable she will play under the same contract as that originally settled upon with Jarrett & Ullmann. In the meantime, she assiduously continues to study the English language.

The revival of the ballet at Niblo's has set all the bald-headed front-seaters to rubbing up their opera glasses.

MANQUIS OF LONGEVITY.

VICE'S VARIETIES.

In Indianapolis, Ind., on the night of the 10th, while Policeman John Weidle was arresting a man named Kelley, Kelley snatched the mace from the officer's hand and began assaulting him, when Weidle drew a revolver and warned him to desist, but Kelley continuing the attack, the officer fired, killing Kelley almost instantly. Weidle is now under arrest, having given himself up.

Jones county, N. C., was, on the 6th, thrown into a wild state of excitement by the discovery of an outrage upon the person of Sheriff Thomas A. Worley. Early in the morning he was attacked on the main road by three disguised white men. They robbed him of \$6.50, beat him to a jelly, bucked, gagged and tied him to a tree, where he was found at night. The men who committed the crime were blackened to convey the impression that they were negroes. Worley is in a critical condition.

At Bloomington, Tenn., John W. Thomas was arrested on the 7th, for the murder of Yancy Malone in 1864. Thomas was a member of Stokes' federal cavalry. They had arrested Malone as a rebel and carried him to Carthage to take the oath. For some private grudge Thomas murdered Malone in cold blood while in custody. Thomas has been jailed at Carthage. Such arrests have been rather frequent of late years by those in both armies, bringing about exciting trials and bloody reminiscences of the late war.

At the close of a prayer-meeting in a Methodist Church, in Acton, Ind., Brother Hamlin, superintendent of the Sunday school, announced that the services of the following Sunday would be held in a grove near by. This was really the result of a vision in the congregation. Pastor Weaver said that on the contrary, the usual services would take place in the church, and at once pronounced the benediction. The two then met in the aisle, quarreled fiercely, and then had a fight, in which the clergyman whipped the superintendent.

A terrible cutting scrape occurred at Houston, Texas, on the 6th, between two negroes. Fred Green accompanied a colored girl, Mary Mason, to her home, and while both were sitting up discussing the bible, another negro, named Bright, who, through jealousy, had concealed himself under the bed, crawled out, and, with a razor, attacked Green. He made a slash at his throat cutting the cheek, but the girl seized the razor and broke the handle. After a fierce struggle, during which Green bled freely, Bright was overpowered and begged for mercy.

Near Atlanta, Ga., on the 2nd, Warren P. Lovett, a well-known and prominent young Georgian, met Mr. Reynolds on a country road. Lovett accosted him by saying that he had circulated a report about him and he had to retract it. Reynolds said, "I did tell it, and God damn you I will kill you." Both the parties commenced firing, and Lovett killed Reynolds. The affair has caused great excitement, which has been increased by the mystery of the attack. The report states that Lovett had been attentive to a young widow of the very highest of the respectability and Reynolds had said he caught the pair in most suspicious circumstances. The most damaging report reached Lovett's ears, and he demanded its retraction as soon as he saw Reynolds. There was no witness present except Lovett's friends. They say that Lovett fired in self defense and after Reynolds had fired. Others say though doubtless without reason, that one of Lovett's friend's picked up Reynolds' pistol and fired it in the air after he was shot. Lovett's bond was fixed at \$500.

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